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Northern Messenger

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From the Atlantic to the Pacific.

TEMPERANCE PLEDGES COME POURING IN.

Just imagine! One single mail this week brought exactly 1,680 Pledges to the 'Witness' Office. Let every old temperance worker and very many old people and young people who have never yet done any actual work for temperance join in this Crusade. It will be something to be remembered in after years with satisfaction as well as greatly helping the cause of temperance at the present time.

Miss Gertie Clements, of Point St. Charles, still holds the honor of having secured by personal canvas the largest number of signatures to the pledge. Her picture accordingly appears in this week's issue. It will be seen that she is quite young, and that should encourage other young people to be up and doing. It is mos important to pile up as large a Pledge Roll as possible during this month of November.

But let no one forget the solemnity of such an act as the signing of a pledge. The workers themselves should go about their canvas of pledges in a prayerful spirit realizing the influence of the pledge on the destinies of men and women, boys and girls.

PLEDGE FORMS FREE.

Pledge forms will be sent free on application to Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal.

Temperance Sunday--Pledge Sunday.

Sabbath Schools the world over, following the International Series of Lessons, will devote Sunday, Nov. 23rd, to the teaching of temperance. Would it not be a good idea to have some one address the scholars on the value of the pledge, and, after impressing them with the solemnity of the act, ask those who will take the pledge to stand. While they are standing a prayer should be offered, and after that those who stood might be asked to come up to the desk to sign the pledge in the presence of the school, or if there were too many they might do it after school was dismissed. Such a hymn as 'Dare to be a Daniel' might be sung during the service.

Schools sending in over forty signatures will receive a copy of the famous etching, 'Christ Before Pilate.' This picture would be most suitable in the school-room. There are, however, only a few hundred left, and they are going fast.

Pledge blanks will be supplied free on application to Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal.

THREE FIRE DEPARTMENT LIFE SAVERS.

'A fire breaks out to-night in some high building, and the sleepers, suddenly awakened, rush down and out of the building—now the staircase is burning—now a frantic mother discovers that her little child has been left sleeping in the fourth story.

'But the fire alarm has sounded—you hear the horses galloping down the street—a ladder is planted against the building—a brave fireman goes up—a stream of water is turned on him to protect him from the flames—he enters the building—he comes to the window with the little child in his arms—he descends the ladder and places it in the arms of its mother.

'Another division of the great army of mercy."

—'Dumb Animals.'

Among the Doukhobors in Canada.

(Miss Nellie E. Boxer, in the 'Missionary Review of the World.')

'And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On a wild New England shore.'

The Doukhobor settlements in the undulating lands of Eastern Assiniboia, Northwestern Canada, are the sequence of their immigration to Canada after long and terrible suffering for conscience's sake at the hands of the Russian Government. When at last the Czar, yielding to the appeals of influential sympathizers with these persecuted people, permitted their departure from his dominions, this 'band of exiles,' numbering some seven thousand souls, embarked in four large steamships from the eastern extreme of the Black Sea for their long voyage to St. John and Halifax The vessels were chartered and funds contributed through the London and Philadelphia Society of Friends on barely ten days' notice—a testimony to their world wide sympathy with the oppressed. After this unprecedented pilgrimage across thousands of leagues by sea and thousands of miles by land they reached their destination, where, by persistent labor in the face of difficulties known only to the pioneer, they have at last been enabled to establish their homes and 'heir 'faith's pure shrine.' Here it was my privilege to visit them, and in some degree to come to know them.

Wild sunflower and coreopsis shone bright among the prairie grass, and the bracing Assiniboia breeze fluttered the papers from the tent table, as on one Sunday morning we sat chatting and resting. The sweet rich notes of a Russian hymn floated to us on the breeze. Stepping to the tent door we could hear the low rumble of wheels on the trail, and soon a team came trotting around the willow bluff. A man and two women in a farm waggon drove up and alighted, making impressive salutations. We were to go to their house. We said that we would go after dinner, but was told that dinner was waiting for us at their place. In the back of the waggon was a seat placed lengthwise, covered over with an Oriental rug, and the waggon-box was filled with hay. Such preparations won the day, and we hurried for our hats, while bright satisfaction shone from the Doukhobors' eyes.

Driving past the fields of grain and flax, we noticed near the poplar bluff groups of small, hive-like structures made of branches, and some of them partly covered with sods. These were the first temporary Doukhobor shelters. Beyond the poplars and willows we came to the homes of to-day. On each side of the village street is a row of snug, warm houses built of logs and plastered; the roofs are of sod, and a low chimney of sun-dried brick rises from the centre of each house. One is a bath-

house, where the villagers enjoy a weekly Turkish bath. In front of each dwelling is a little garden with nodding cultivated sunflowers and vegetables and to the right and left of the village are the larger gardens. This village not being near a river, each house has its own good well with a tall well-sweep. The stable is attached to the house, and behind that are the beautifully trimmed stacks of prairie hay.

As we pass through the village the people bow to us, the men lifting their caps with much ceremony. Their costumes are bright and picturesque. The dark flat-topped caps of the men have a red piping around the crown and patent-leather peaks. Shining white, full-sleeved shirts bag into loose folds around their waists and meet the trousers of wonderful cut, also gathered at the top. Almost any garment would look well set off by the long Russian boots, the soft leather wrinkling about the ankles. Their coats and waistcoats fit to the waist, and the former have a long, gathered frock of more than eighteen inches from the waist down. Buttons are used, but only for ornament, as the actual fastenings are hooks and eyes.

The women's shoes are also of Russian leather, low shape, showing well turned ankles in wonderfully knitted stockings. On their heads they wear bright caps, over which they put handkerchiefs, tied under their chins. 'Gassets,' or sleeveless coats, cover their bright 'waists.' Their skirts are also of some bright color, and are caught up in front to show the fine, home-woven linen underskirt, with its red and white border. Their aprons are specially fine, with two or three bright stripes and lace across the bottom.

The Doukhobor meal begins with tea, bread, and salt, then vegetable soup, fried potatoes, pancakes of excellent quality, and eggs. Other dishes are cheese-cakes, pie-crust served in many fantastic shapes, fresh sweet turnips, radishes, onions, and sometimes fruit. The guests sit down and the members of the household wait on them, merrily exchanging thoughts in broken English and Russian, eked out by signs.

The interior throughout is finished in yellow plaster, made from the clay that lies underneath the rich black Assiniboia soil. Their houses have four or five rooms, the largest compassed about by a seat, which is quite broad on one side of the room. On this, each evening, some of the beds are made, a thick rug being first put over the boards; then a big feather-bed, fresh white sheets, square pillows, and a quilt. All this is neatly folded and put away during the day.

At the end of the broad seat, in the corner, is the brick oven—a picturesque feature of every Doukhobor house. They display much taste in oven building, using sun-dried bricks. At the other side of the room is a small, high table. The floor is of smooth-trodden plaster and earth, kept beautifully clean by sweeping with green bunches of prairie 'broom.'

After thanking our hosts for the dinner, we are invited to rest on the broad seat, with our feet dangling in the air or resting on wooden footstools. Some of the villagers sing as they sit around the table, which has been cleared of everything but the homespun linen cloth. The singers seem to think only of the hymn or chant, and the others listen attentively. It is curious but very beautiful music. Outside the deep-set window the sunflowers move in the breeze, and the sun shines in, enriching the beautiful colors in the costumes, and in contrast bringing out the soft, wonderful shadows of the interior.

During our summer's visit we slept many times in these houses. Early in the morning the family would be astir, though quietly, and by the time we were dressed there was generally a row of children, washed and ready for the day, reciting the commandments, psalms and other portions of scripture. It is a pretty sight, as they stand, their attention, the recitation and their faces full of earnest thought. The mother or grandmother, who has been busy in the adjoining room, listens the while, and presently comes in; she bows, the bow is returned by the line of little ones, a few sentences are said back and forth, and then off go the children.

In some districts the Doukhobors live in a community, in others each have their own gardens, stock, and fields. The strong bond holding them together is not tribal, but rather arises from similarity of belief.

In all the villages are good blacksmiths and carpenters, and the women will show with pride the heavy winter coats spun, dyed, and woven by themselves in Russia; also linen table-napkins, very long and narrow, which serve for a number of people.

Thus far the great problem which confronts the settlers has been to utilize the material at hand for immediate necessities. Their pioneering arrangements are so thorough and ingenious there is no doubt that they will use the larger conveniences of this country with the same skill as they come within their reach.

After having sojourned in scores of Doukhobor villages and hundreds of their homes, I believe that we have as important lessons to learn from them in Christ-likeness as we have to impart. When we consider what these people have suffered through persecution, exile, and actual martyrdom for conscience's sake, and the fact that there is scarcely a family among them unrepresented by a father, brother, or son still in Siberia, we need not scruple to extend to them the hand of Christian fellowship.

Post Office Crusade.

The first name to appear on the roll of the 'The Temperance Pledge Crusade' is that of a boy to whom the 'Messenger' was sent through 'The Post-office Crusade.' A lady in Appleton, whose name I cannot recall, sent the money. I wonder if there will come a list from India. I hope so. Just think what hundreds of names could be secured in the schools out there. I trust the missionaries, or some of those who receive the 'Messenger' in India, will work this idea up. Could we not have an Honor Roll specially for India, as the paper takes so long to reach there? Mr. Leflamme writes in great gratitude, addressing the 'Dear Home Folks,' and sends this message: While on their holidays a number of missionaries from different sections held daily prayer meetings under the trees in the 'Hills.' They prayed for a revival in India, and now in Cocanada a blessing is being given and many souls saved, among others, fifteen of the girls in a native school. Mr. Leflamme wants us to pray over the papers we send. He says: 'Weight them with prayer.'

Thanks are due to Mrs. Rickert, of Westmount, for $1.00; Miss Grey, formerly of Carleton Place, $1.00, and A Friend, in Leeds Village, for $2.00. The encouraging words and sympathy expressed with these gifts are very helpful.

Numbers of beautiful papers keep coming, and a great pile has gone to India and the North-West.

Many thanks to the thoughtful ones who so faithfully remember the work with money and papers.

Just one glimpse of a letter from a native gentleman to encourage those who send 'The Sabbath Reading': 'Madam,—I am glad to inform you that I have been receiving "The Sabbath Reading," your kindly gift. I can not sufficiently thank you for the disinterested regard you show me in sending me the above mentioned paper which I am sure will do me good. I admire your sacrifice of money for the good of others. It is no doubt that you people are doing immense good to our people in more than one way. White people are spending millions in this country for the good of this country's people.'

I have also a letter from the native principal of a native caste school of 600 boys, asking for one particular paper which has interested him. I shall re-mail it to the editor of that paper. All this is very encouraging and serves to show the appreciation of our friends in India. Faithfully, M. E. Cole, 112 Irvine avenue, Westmount, Que., Nov. 7, 1902.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

The publishers of the 'Northern Messenger' will be very glad to receive the temperance pledges from India and will reserve a special column for the list of names from that country.

A Need of To-day.

A crying need of to-day is for men who will go into business and politics with the same motion that impels a man to go as a missionary to Africa. In both spheres he will meet tremendous obstacles and temptations. Party politics are valuable as giving most thorough study of all questions and criticism of selfish plans, temporizing plans and unwise plans. But party politics are dangerous as tempting to corrupt methods of keeping a party in power, leading the party in opposition to debase its sacred trust for law making, to hindering the other party from doing anything lest it should win praise. They are in danger of handling its opportunity to produce a show of prosperity by temporary stimulus. And there is danger of considering prosperity as consisting purely of financial interests.—E. Munson Hill, D.D., Montreal.

Another Admirer.

Rev. W. D. Aubrey, of Altmar, N.Y., renewing for 'Witness,' says: 'I admire the paper. I am convinced it is a blessing everywhere it goes. Wish you continued success.'

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have 'Daily Witness' on trial at the rate of twenty cents a month, or 'Weekly Witness' at seven cents. We suggest that this offer be taken advantage of by those whose subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' have still some months to run, so that both subscriptions may expire contemporaneously, when the special club offers may be availed of.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal

BOYS AND GIRLS

Port Said.

('Faithful Words.')

The woman here represented is a type often seen in Port Said. Port Said is an important station for Bible distribution, whence the Scriptures reach not only the Moslems, but also people of various nationalities. In parts of Egypt the sale of the Scriptures amongst the Moslems is much less difficult than used to be the case a few years previously.

As regards Port Said, the people are now divided into two classes, as it were: those who show bitter opposition to the colporteur and his books, and those who seem

A WOMAN OF PORT SAID.

eager to obtain them. Amongst the former class the religious leaders are prominent. Alas! this is too generally the case all the world over, for religion and truth are frequently as far apart as the Poles.

In Egypt and in Palestine the circulation of the Word of God is slowly making headway. Only a few years ago Islamism was all-supreme in those lands—now the Word of God is a living voice in them.

The earnest superintendent of the Bible Society's colportage work in Port Said, describes the abundant access that port presents for visiting ships of various nations, and selling the Scriptures to Turks, and to Russians, Romanists and Protestants. Necessarily there is opposition, but there is also immense encouragement.

'The question, "Will the books be read?" says the superintendent, 'calls to mind a very serious conversation I had with a clergyman some time since. He said, "What is the use of putting the Bible into the hands of illiterate and ignorant people? They cannot understand it." My reply was, "Sir, I wish you could come with me some day on board one of the large Russian transports, and study the faces of men sitting about who have purchased a Bible or a Testament, and are now giving their whole minds to the perusal of the volume. Watch their faces and the faces of those to whom they are reading. This would be the most eloquent, and, at the same time, the most persuasive answer to your question."

'The fact is,' he adds, 'that these thousands of people with whom we come in contact are enabled to read and to understand the simple truths of the Gospel.'

Bible distribution is simply supplying the world with the Word of God. God speaks to men in his word; and it is painful unbelief to suppose that God does not make his word plain and understandable. The truth is: 'The entrance of God's Word giveth light: it giveth understanding to the simple.'

An Angel in the Way.

(Belle V. Chisholm, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Alan Voight's plans had come to grief. Gifted above his fellows, he had finished his university course with the highest honors, and after a year's travel in Europe was to settle down to the study of his profession, at the close of which he was to begin life's struggles in earnest. He had high aims, high ambitions and never having been thwarted in anything he undertook, it never occurred to him that anything he wished to possess might possibly be unattainable. Despite the double first attached to his diploma, he was a favorite in his class, admired and loved alike by rich and poor, idlers and 'polers,' and while being held up as an example of the studious scholar by his professors, he was the idol of the athletics, either in victory or defeat.

The summer, spent with his mother and sisters in a quiet mountain retreat, was one of the most busy, though restful, of his many happy vacations, and the few weeks of family life together after the scattered members had returned, preparatory to his long absence abroad, were dreams of delight, from which, alas! there came a rude awakening.

Everything was in readiness, his trunks were packed, his passage secured on one of the finest steamers that ploughed the Atlantic, and even his ticket had been purchased, and in the hands of a friend who was to be his companion. To-morrow he was to bid 'farewell' to the dear home folks, and start on his long journey—the journey which to him was to be the fulfilment of many bright and happy dreams, to-morrow! But that to-morrow never came; instead in one short hour there came to this home in affluent circumstances the legacy of penury. As is so frequently the case, a trusted official, in an effort to rival his employer's style of living, had wasted his substance and brought ruin to his household. This misfortune, following so closely upon the heels of other disasters, made the retrieving of these losses an impossibility.

'And is there no hope of the difficulty being bridged, of the disaster being tided over, so that your father can go on with his business until such time as he can regain his footing?' asked Pastor Windom, a friend indeed, who had the best interest of his parishioners at heart. He was conversing with Alan, who, despite his effort to bear up bravely under the misfortune, was almost crushed by the sudden blow.

'None, whatever,' was the young man's reply. 'Thank God there will be enough to satisfy the demands of the creditors, and if we realize anything like the worth of the home from its sale, there may possibly be enough from the wreck to keep a roof over the heads of mother and the children.'

'Then you have given up all thoughts of your trip abroad?' said Mr. Windom.

'Certainly,' replied Alan, the quivering of his lips proving what a trial the surrender of this cherished plan had been to him.

'And have you any plans for the future?' inquired the pastor.

'Nothing, but to get into some kind of work,' replied Alan. 'Teaching' presumably, since that or playing football is the only available craft open to me.'

He spoke with sarcasm pitiable in one so young, and wise Mr. Windom didn't press the subject further, though he could not help feeling how unprepared for grappling with the world this child of fortune really was, regardless of the fine education he possessed, and which ought to have been a real fortune to him. Before they separated, however, Alan made a confident of him so far as to inform him that the President of the University he had attended thought he would be able to secure him a good position in one of the small colleges in the neighborhood, where a professor of Greek was wanted. He failed to be elected, however, and the pastor heard nothing more about the young man's plans for a fortnight, just the week before Thanksgiving. Then he came to tell his friend that he was going out to a little country town to teach in a graded school where three teachers were employed. He was to take the place of the principal who had been driven off by the big boys, because he 'wanted to be boss.' He acknowledged that the prospects were not very flattering, but it was all that offered, and he was going, though with a very bad grace, the rebellion in his heart

against the treachery that had compelled him to abandon his plans remaining as fierce as the day he began to fight his battle with poverty.

'Then you are not going to wait for the holidays?' said Mr. Windom, after listening to the arrangements, which required him to leave at once.

'Why should I?' asked Alan bitterly. 'The holidays will be nothing but a sad memory to us this year.'

'Things have changed, certainly,' agreed the pastor, 'still you have very much to be thankful for yet.'

'I can scarcely conceive how things could be much worse,' returned Alan, evasively. 'If the traitor had laid his plans for the express purpose of thwarting mine he could not have accomplished my ruin any more effectually than he has.'

'Do not say ruin,' pleaded Mr. Windom. 'You are too young, too gifted, too much of a man to call disappointment by so severe a name. Great as the shock has been you will rally from its paralyzing effects in time.'

'I can see no such a bright lining to the cloud,' Alan answered. 'It may be weak and unmanly to meet disaster thus, but it could not have come to me at a worse time or under more trying circumstances.'

'And yet it may be an angel in the way to turn you aside for God-given purposes,' urged Mr. Windom. 'You know there are no such things as accidents under the rulings of our Heavenly Father.'

'There could have been no accident in what everybody knows was a well-planned, systematic robbery,' Alan answered, nervously. 'What part could an angel have in such a crime?'

'No part in the wrong-doing, certainly,' returned Mr. Windom; 'and yet, while weeping over the downfall of one human being, the pitying angel may over-rule the trials and disappointments thus caused to the good of the injured.'

'I can see no angel's hand in this affliction,' protested Alan.

'Neither could the Prophet Balaam see the angel blocking up his way until after three trials to force a passage along his chosen route, the Lord spoke through the dumb beast under him,' remonstrated the pastor. 'Your eyes, like those of the prophet, are holden now, but perhaps some time in the days that are to come they may be opened to see the angel work in thus blocking your way and forcing you into paths not of your own choosing.'

Alan left the next day to look over the work he was to undertake on the following Monday, a work for which he was well prepared both on account of scholarship and ability as an organizer. But it is a question whether he would have brought as much conscience into the duties of the school-room as he did had he been able to blot from his memory his pastor's suggestion of the angel-hand in the transaction. Let that be as it may, he was a success, not only as an instructor, but despite his inexperience he proved a tactful disciplinarian and in an incredibly short time he was master of the situation.

Shortly after he began to teach at the earnest solicitation of the pastor of the church he attended he took charge of a class of young men in the Sabbath school. Not satisfied with his own attainments this led him to devote much time to the study of his Bible and from studying the Bible he began to study himself, with a result wholly unsatisfactory to his high standard of living. Startled over his attempt to teach others the ways of life to which he was himself a stranger, he did not rest until he had an experimental knowledge of the truth as revealed in Christ. With the love of Christ filling his whole being, he was now able to speak from heart to heart, and before the end of his year's work every member of his class had entered the King's service and stood ready to obey the Master's call, 'Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.' Nor did the influence of his renewed life end here. The scholars who came under his firm but gentle rule found in him the embodiment of all that was true and noble, and many of them, touched into new life by his Christly living, were led to consecrate themselves to the Master's use, and by taking up their various crosses to follow him, became humble workers in the spheres wherein they were placed.

'I have you to thank for finding the angel in my way, turning me from a life of self-worship into the path leading down by the "green pastures," beside the "still waters," ' Alan confessed to his old pastor, when upon the dawn of another New Year he came to tell him that he had abandoned the legal profession and having laid all his worldly ambition at the feet of the Master, was on his way to a divinity school to prepare for the ministry.

'I rejoice that you have been turned into such a worthy service, Alan, and trust that at every cross road you will find the angel-hand pointing you into the right way.'

'I have come back to spend the New Year's first days with the loved ones, who, like myself, have been turned by an unseen angel into the King's Highway,' said Alan. 'Before we were afflicted we went astray, but now we keep his law.'

Transplanted.

(S. M. Whitaker, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Poor, pitiful, wee plantlet!
Who, with such care,
Hath taken thee from thine own soil
And set thee here?

Did'st love thy shaded corner?
Dost fear the sun?
Doubtless 'tis better for thee,
Poor little one.

Then lift up toward heaven
Thy small pale face;
The God of rain and sunshine
May lend thee grace.

Send down thy tiny rootlets
Into the ground;
The God of earth and water
Of thee be found!

I, too, have been transplanted;
And strange, and cold,
And hard, seem these surroundings
After the old.

Be comforted, sweet comrade!
Content to know
That he, who hath transplanted,
Can make us grow!

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

Another Mother's Son.

(Hilda Richmond, in 'Religious Telescope.')

The children in the home of the struggling missionary in the Colorado mining settlement were so anxious to see the contents of the box that has just arrived from an Eastern church, that the little mother ran out and called to a passing miner: 'Can you spare a few minutes to open a box for me? Mr. Bates is away from home holding services in the mountain settlement, and the children cannot wait till he gets back. I am very sorry to trouble you, but the poor little things have waited and watched ever since they knew the box was coming, and they have not the patience of grown-up people.'

The miner good-naturedly pried the lid off the box, and the first thing that came out was a beautiful silk quilt for a child's bed with a note pinned to it. While the little ones carefully took out garments, books, and toys, Mrs. Bates read the note. The young miner sat watching the delight of the children over their treasures, till a sob from Mrs. Bates attracted his attention.

'Such a pitiful letter,' she said, wiping away the tears. 'It is from a poor mother whose only son, after a dissipated life, stole a large sum of money and ran off to the west. She does not know where, but she sends his toys and clothes in different missionary boxes to remind him of home, if he should ever chance to see them. She thinks, sooner or later, he will come to want, and some home missionary will be the only one to care for him. His temper was ruined by indulgence, and she warns all other mothers to rear their boys more carefully than she did hers. Poor mother! I trust the prodigal son may return to her yet.'

The miner shifted uneasily in his chair. 'I am away from my mother, too, but she didn't care. She never ruined my temper by indulgence. I don't remember her kissing me in my life, and she was so severe that I never enjoyed myself at home. Her house was so clean and orderly that I did not dare to play in it for fear of spoiling things. After I got big enough, I ran away, and have not heard from her since.'

'No matter what she said or did, she loved you, and it is cruel not to let her know, at least, that you are alive and well,' said Mrs. Bates, greatly shocked. 'I know she must be praying and longing for your return, if she is still alive.'

'Mother never prayed,' said the miner with a laugh. 'She went to church once in a while, but she hated missionaries and missionary collections. She said it was all foolishness, that they never did any good, but only lived off other people's money. I sometimes wish she could see how you and Mr. Bates struggle to get along. She might change her mind about the good times missionaries have.'

'I am sorry for her,' said Mrs. Bates. 'I am sure she wants you.'

'You don't know my mother; she never treated me as other boys are treated at home, and I will not write to her. I was not what you call a bad boy, but only full of mischief, as all healthy boys are,' and he abruptly left the house.

The pleasure caused by the advent of the box was greatly lessened for Mrs. Bates by the thoughts of the two lonely mothers, for she was firmly convinced, in spite of what her visitor said, that his mother mourned for him. Before going to sleep

that night, she wrote a comforting, consoling letter to the mother who had sent the quilt and made plans to aid the other. By careful questioning among the miners who were friends of Herbert Long, the man who had opened the box, she found out where he had lived previous to coming to Colorado, but could not learn how long it had been since he had left home, as she did not care to arouse his suspicion by asking him. Without mentioning the matter even to her husband, who had cares enough with his three charges, she wrote a long letter to Herbert's mother, and addressed it to the town where he had lived, though not sure that the mother lived there. Then she waited anxiously for a reply. Every day in her prayers she added a special petition for the two mothers, and every day, when mail came, she looked for a letter.

Weeks passed and none came, but still she hoped and waited. It was a hard, discouraging season for them all, for though the minister worked nobly, it seemed all efforts were in vain. The saloon and gambling hall drew the crowds, and the little rough church was almost deserted except for the faithful few who, like the minister and his wife, prayed and hoped for better things.

At length, Mr. Bates went again to his mountain charge, and one day when it was too stormy for her little ones to go out. Mrs. Bates went to the postoffice and received a letter with the longed-for postmark. She knew the letter must have reached Mrs. Long, or it would have been returned to her from the dead-letter office. With trembling fingers she broke the seal as soon as she reached home, and eagerly read the letter from the thankful mother.

My Dear Mrs. Bates,—

Your letter has been lying in my home unopened all these weeks. I left home suddenly, to see my only sister, who was very sick, and did not tell the postmaster to forward my mail. After awhile, finding out where I had gone, he wrote to ask if I wanted my letters sent to me; but yours had been stuck under the door, and could not be forwarded. I cannot express my gratitude for your kindness to an entire stranger.

I was harsh and stern with Herbert, but I had seen so many boys spoiled by indulgence, that I thought I was doing it for the best. I was not a Christian, either, and did not train him in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. After the death of his father, I lived a lonely, selfish life, and I do not wonder that my son tired of it. Whether he forgives me or not, and I do not deserve forgiveness, I shall try from this time forth to serve God, because he has given me the knowledge that my son is alive and well.

I have written to Herbert in the same mail that I send this. Beg him to come home. If my letter has no effect on him, tell him I am praying and watching for him every day. I enclose a little check which I hope will do you some good. It is my first missionary contribution. I have said many harsh and unfair things about missionaries, and it seems like a token that my sins are forgiven, that through one of his faithful servants I have received the precious information of my son's welfare. May God bless and keep you always. I pray that the other sorrowing mother may find her son, as I did mine, after these ten lonely years. I can never thank you enough.

Your friend. HELEN LONG.

Mrs. Bates scarcely noticed the check for one hundred dollars that fell from her letter, but, dropping to her knees, poured out her soul in thankfulness to God. Before she had risen, a knock was heard, and Herbert Long, dripping with rain, but with his face aglow with joy, stood at the door.

'I know this is your work,' he exclaimed, holding out a long letter. 'You must have written to tell my mother where I am, and she sent this letter begging me to come home. She says she is sorry for the way she treated me, but thought she was doing it for the best. Just think of that! If you knew my mother you would realize how hard it is for her to give up and own she is wrong.'

'You mean how hard it was,' corrected Mrs. Bates, gently. 'Remember, now she is redeemed, and to the soul that has washed its robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, it is easy to confess its sins and be forgiven.'

'When the other boys got letters from home, I used to feel sorry that I never did; but I never expected to hear from mother again. I start for home at 7.30. Is there any message you want to send to her? I cannot wait till you write a letter.'

'Tell her that I will write to her soon, and that I appreciate her generous check very much; but, more than all, I rejoice that she has determined to live a new life. Tell her that I, too, am praying for the other mother, that her son may also be restored to her. My faith is much strengthened by this answer to my prayers, and I believe that this is the beginning of better things for our mission.'

'I can hardly believe it true that mother has contributed to the missionary cause. One of the few times I have heard Mr. Bates preach he used this text: "The ways of God are past finding out," and I truly believe it is so. I will be gone a month, and hope to bring mother back with me, for she is all alone in the world except for her sister and me. I am afraid of missing the train. Good-bye,' and he was gone.

Mrs. Bates glanced at the clock with a smile, for it was six hours till 7.30, and said to herself: 'If I am not mistaken, that young man will be a valuable assistant in our work when he returns, for he has had his first lesson in what the love of God can do for the human heart.'

And she was right.

The Exaltation of the Humble

(John Bunyan, Author of 'Pilgrim's Progress.')

He that is down need fear no fall;
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such, a burden is,
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

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Taking Aunt Martha Home

(Adelbert F. Caldwell, in 'Zion's Herald.')

'Poland! why, dear, that's where I was born and brought up—just over the hill from the spring house, two miles out on the Shaker road,' and Aunt Martha Gilman's voice was 'all a-tremble,' as she herself declared a moment later. 'You are going there—for the summer?'

Beth's quick ear detected a longing desire in the tone of her old friend's exclamation.

'That's what father says. He's tired of going to the seashore, and mother's health is never good among the mountains—the air's too bracing there, she thinks—and so we've decided to try Poland Springs this summer. It's an inland resort, and mother thinks she'd like to try the water and the scenery from Rocker Hill—that's where the hotel is situated—is wonderful! You can see any number of lakes and little villages snug under some hill beside them, and away to the west, in plain view, are the White Mountains. On a clear day, with a glass one can see the Tiptop House. Of course we don't know anything about it except what we've heard, but the panoramic view father had sent him shows it all, and it's—oh, such a change from here where we've always lived—no mountains, no hills, not even a rock unless it's imported! I'm just tired of prairie. You go out of town, and that's all you see for miles and miles, and it's so monotonous.'

'It is different there,' and for a moment Aunt Martha closed her eyes and was a child again, climbing the fences and romping in the meadows of her early New England home before her father decided to move to Central Illinois. 'I—I wish I were going with you—to see the old place once more—but—but money comes hard, now I'm old,' and she involuntarily reached for her needle—her only means of livelihood—which had been hastily laid aside on Beth's entrance. 'I—I shall miss you, dear. No one comes in so often as you do—and—and I shall miss the reading, but you'll bring me a message from home,' and she spoke the words so softly—almost sacredly, Beth thought.

Beth took the trembling hand, and slipped from her chair to the little worn hassock at Aunt Martha's feet.

'And you lived right where we're going?'

'Yes, dear, till I was a woman grown—we didn't move till I was sixteen.'

'If you could only——'

Beth hesitated.

'Tut! tut! child,' said Aunt Martha, reprovingly, divining Beth's thought. 'I'm old now, and, besides, haven't the money. But see and tell me everything and 'twill seem almost as though I'd been there myself.'

It was dusk when Beth reached home.

'We're going a week from Tuesday,' exclaimed Ralph, Beth's only brother, as she opened the library door. 'The case of the Robinson Manufacturing Company's been settled—a week earlier than father thought it would be—so there is nothing to prevent our starting soon's school closes. Won't we have a fine time! There's golfing, tennis, driving, tramping—hills everywhere—think of it! And only half a mile from the hotel is a lake—real water, sparkling and clear; not the black, muddy stuff we have here—that we can boat on and swim in. Hurrah for a whole sum-

mer in New England!' and Ralph caught his sister's arm, and imitated a Sioux dance before the open grate, for the night was chill.

'May I have a heart-to-heart conference with somebody I know?' playfully asked Beth that evening, though her voice contained a serious tone.

Mr. Hammond dropped his paper in his lap and smiled.

'If the somebody is her own father, I guess there's no objection, is there, dear?' turning to his wife.

'None that I think of,' she said, 'except, perhaps, my presence—I may not be wanted at the conference!'

'Yes, you are, too—you must help decide.'

Mrs. Hammond dropped her crocheting.

'It—it's a plan,' began Beth, abruptly, 'and it may take lots of money—more than you can spare. First, I want to know if you suppose there's any place in Poland, near where you're going to stay that could be hired for the summer—just a little house and yard with large shade trees in it.'

'I imagine so—usually is in New England. It's a great place for abandoned farms.'

'And do you suppose I could hire one—and pay for it with what my expenses at the hotel would be?'

'Why I should think so,' replied Mr. Hammond, curiously. 'But why do you ask?'

'That—that's my plan,' and Beth slowly explained the scheme she had formulated on her way home that evening from Aunt Martha's barren little home.

'I'd like to take her with me—you know she has no friends—and we could keep house and have such a good time. 'Twas where she was born, and she's hungry to go back.'

'We'll think it over, dear, and tell you our decision later—not to-night.'

'She's so unselfish,' said Mrs. Hammond, as Beth softly closed the door.

'Yes, none but Beth would have thought of it.'

'Want to put anything in my trunk, Beth?' asked Ralph, who had about finished his packing. 'It will hold a lot yet, and you know you never have room enough in yours.'

'I—I guess not, Ralph. I'm not going with you.'

'But you're going with the folks? I'll be with them.'

Beth shook her head.

'Going to stay here all summer?'

'No, I don't think so. I'll whisper, but you musn't tell,' and Beth confided her plan, with her parents' sanction.

'Well, I never!'

'But I'll be near, and you can see me almost as much as though I were at the hotel.'

'Have you told her?' asked Ralph, curiously.

'No, I'm going to wait till you get there. If father can't find a place that's suitable, I shall say nothing about it to her, and go on alone; but if everything is propitious, you will find us on the spot in due season, ready to take possession.'

'Have found just the place you want—house, furnishings and yard. Only two miles away. Come at once. Will meet you at the station,' was her father's telegram a few days later.

Beth had hardly read the message before she had on her hat and jacket ready for the street.

'It will be worth a lifetime just to see her happiness,' she declared, enthusiastically.

'Aunt Martha! Aunt Martha!' called Beth, as she pushed open the squeaky door. 'Where are you?'

'On the landing, hanging out some clothes. I'll be there in a moment,' she called from the rear.

'I don't know how to tell her—'twill be such a surprise!'

'Why, I thought you'd gone—on your vacation!' exclaimed Aunt Martha, wonderingly. 'Didn't you say your folks were going Tuesday?'

'Yes, but I've waited for you.'

'For me?'

'No one else! I'm going to take you when I go—and that's just as soon as we can get ready.'

'I—I don't understand—I guess I don't hear as I once did.'

'You're going to New England with me—to Poland, and we're going to live there all summer,' exclaimed Beth, radiantly; 'just you and I in a snug little house of our own.'

'But—but the money—I've no money,' and the expression of delight on the wrinkled face slowly melted into one of disappointment.

'But I have! Now we must plan what to take,' added Beth briskly.

'Then I'm to see the old home again!' mused Aunt Martha, in a bewildered sort of way. 'Really?' and she took hold of Beth's arm for reassurance.

'I—I couldn't be any happier not—not if I were going to the other home,' declared Aunt Martha over and over again, on their way East. 'It's so good—so good? Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life!'

Beth's eyes grew moist at the genuine happiness of the little bent woman in the seat beside her.

'Your grandmother?' asked a stranger across the aisle.

Beth glanced at the figure in black to make sure she was asleep.

'No, she's not a relative—has none in the world. She's a friend of mine, and we're going back to her old home.'

'It looks as natural's can be! There isn't a thing changed!' They were driving out to the house that Mr. Hammond had hired, and every turn in the road brought forth from Aunt Martha an exclamation of surprised delight.

'Is this the place?' exclaimed Beth, as they drew up before a small, wood-colored house. 'Just see that cozy veranda covered with woodbine—and the trees, aren't they shady? And there's an old-fashioned well-sweep! O Aunt Martha!'

She stopped, puzzled at the changed expression on the wrinkled face—Aunt Martha had grown suddenly pale.

'Aren't you well?' hurriedly.

'I shall be in a moment,' and Aunt Martha smiled reassuringly.

The weeks passed very rapidly, and they were the very happiest ones Aunt Martha ever spent.

'I'm just drinking in all the old remembrances,' she would say, as she sat in a low, easy rocker on the vine-covered veranda looking out on the hills and valleys that alone shared with her the secrets of her childhood.

'I've something to ask you, dear,' she said one afternoon, as Beth paused in her reading. 'How did your father happen to select this house?'

'Just by accident, I suppose,' replied Beth, looking up.

'And—and he didn't know 'twas the one I was born in?'

'You—really?'

'Yes; don't you remember the night we got here—how queer I looked? 'Twas the surprise, dear—the surprise of it all.'

Beth reached over and took her hand tenderly.

'It's almost the end of the vacation, and we must go back. Don't seem's though I ever could leave again,' she whispered after a pause of thankful silence.

And she didn't have to. Before Beth returned she left Aunt Martha sleeping with the ones she loved among the pines upon the hillside.

'It gave me the most happiness of anything I ever did,' thought Beth long after, 'taking Aunt Martha home.'

Rhymes and Rhymers.

(By Pansy, in 'C. E. World.')

Every day I am becoming more interested in the study of words. Take, for instance, that word 'poetry'; just what do we mean by it? Hear what a standard dictionary says: 'Poetry: the form of literature that embodies beautiful thought, feeling, or action in melodious rhythmical and metrical language, and in imaginative and artistic constructions.'

There! is not that definition enough in itself to hurry plain, every-day people back into prose?

Not a few of those who attempt poetry would find difficulty in defining the meaning of some of the descriptive words in this definition. Yet this is obviously wrong. If we are going to undertake the making of poetry, the least we can do is to find out exactly what it is.

Many people seem to have the idea that rhyme is necessarily poetry. You remember the illustration of the colored man who was suddenly called upon by his friend to define the difference between poetry and blank verse.

'Why, Sambo,

'I went to the mill-dam,
And fell down slam!'

That's poetry. Now listen: —

'I went to the mill-dam,
And fell down slap-dash!'

That's blank verse.'

We laugh; but, after all, were his ideas any more crude than those of many rhyme-writers who sometimes find their way into print?

Why am I saying this to you? Because you know, dear friends, you have asked me to tell you frankly what I think of your trying to write poetry for magazines. You know that you have sent me some specimens of your work. And I, after thinking it over with utmost care, am going to give you what I know you want, perfect frankness, and tell you that in my judgment every illustration sent is rhyme, not poetry. It isn't bad rhyme, some of it; simply good, plain prose put into rhyme. Only there is this curious fact to be remembered; rhymed prose has always a twisty, gnarled, distorted sound that in reading inclines one either to laugh, or to turn from it impatiently and wish that the writer had been content with ordinary prose.

Consider that in poetry the 'beautiful thought,' must be expressed 'rhythmically.

melodiously, and artistically.' I will not ask you, dear rhyme-writers, how much of your own verse fits this description, because there is a curious and often a fatal symptom connected with this disease of rhyme-making, that blinds the eyes, dulls the ears, and renders it impossible for the victim to see and feel that his work is other than perfect; but I will ask you to study carefully the average verses that find their way into the daily newspapers, for instance,—not, of course, quotations from standard authors that some newspapers are wise enough to give us, but 'original verse,'—and, laying all prejudices aside, see what proportion of them impress you as beautiful in thought and rhythmical in construction.

Some of the most pitiable illustrations of total inability in this direction are found in obituary notices. The painful and yet, despite the gravity of the subject, often irresistibly ludicrous efforts to write verses about the dead or verses of condolence for surviving friends are too well known to need illustration. But isn't it sad that illustrations continue to multiply?

Now to our question earnestly put by a thoughtful young student.

Isn't it desirable for young people to try to express their thoughts, sometimes, in rhyme?'

As a matter of education, while one is still a school girl or boy, undoubtedly it is. Our best colleges in these days through their English departments not only encourage such efforts, but require them of certain classes. Verses illustrating the nature of rhythm, different kinds of metres, various lengths of line and stanza,—all these are constructed for practice, together with sonnets, triolets, and other forms of special interest. Such work is indeed good practice for any one, the object being not to make poets, but to help the student to a clearer understanding and fuller enjoyment of poetry.

The simple truth that in these days needs continual repetition is that writers of rhyme are as numerous as weeds in springtime, while writers of real poetry are as scarce, O scarcer than roses in January in a northern clime.

Rhyme-writing, let it be remembered, is easy work. Any person not an idiot knows that 'rick' and 'Dick' and 'pick' and 'stick' rhyme, but it by no means follows that anybody can therefore make out of these rhyming endings, a 'beautiful, melodious' poem.

A young friend of mine, aged six, one day desired to write a poem, and believed for months that he had done so. Here is his effort, which at least has the merit of brevity:—

'I went to mill,
And took a pill—
And I'm here still.'

Why is not that poetry? Judged by the standards that many people seem to apply to their work, it is.

'Are you not afraid that you will discourage some budding genius who, but for you, might blossom as a poet?' laughs a friend at my elbow, who as teacher and editor has often been victimized by rhyme.

'No,' I answer sturdily. 'I'm not in the least afraid. True poets must speak in rhythmical measures; they cannot be discouraged; and in my judgment all others ought to be "nipped in the bud!"'

A Detroit paper publishes a list of 68 of the most prominent business houses in Detroit which forbids employees under the age of 21 from smoking cigarettes in or out of the store with the knowledge of the management, under penalty of dismissal.

A Night at a Confucian Temple

('China Advent News.')

This is a night when all the leading officials sacrifice, and worship the great scholar and sage Confucius. Partly out of curiosity and partly from a real desire to witness this sacrifice, we all decided to go. We were told by some of the Chinese that the ceremony would begin about twelve o'clock midnight, so we prepared to be at the Temple at that hour, This Temple being about three miles from our station, we went to a friend's house and waited our time. At eleven thirty o'clock we started for the Temple, arriving there a few minutes later. The Temple is, I believe, the second largest Confucian temple in the world, the largest being in Pekin. We enter at a very large door,leading into a spacious courtyard, from there through another door into a second court, we turn here to the left and go along a sort of verandah for several hundred feet leading to the entrance of the Temple, where are hung several tablets with the names of Confucius and his immediate followers or students inscribed thereon. Back of this large Temple is another quite as large, with more tablets, these bear the names of Confucius's father, grandfather and others of the ancestry.

One o'clock came, the officials had not arrived, two o'clock and yet the officials failed to put in an appearance; three o'clock, four o'clock and yet no 'great man' could be seen. About half-past four o'clock, we saw down through the entrance, and along the walk leading to the temple, torches and lanterns, and heard the voices of an official retinue, and before many minutes had elapsed, five of the leading officials with gorgeous robes and fancy red hats came along in all the dignity and grace that characterizes this class. I just then longed for a snap shot of them, but alas it was dark except for a few lanterns carried by the servants of the worshippers.

The officials went directly to the temple where hung the ancestral tablets and first did their obeisance, kneeling and bowing in front of the temple. In this temple were pigs, goats and sheep which had been sacrificed and placed around in different places, also a great many varieties of fruits. (The writer was taken through the temple in the early part of the morning and had a good chance to inspect the different sacrifices.) After the officials got through here, they retired to a room to await the Fan tai or superintendent of finances, who was to take the lead in worshipping at the temple where Confucius's spirit was supposed to come. At five o'clock a.m. came the procession. Hundreds of lanterns were lighted, also two bonfires in front of the temple. Then several men with touches dispelled the rabble and up came the 'great man.' He entered the temple, prostrated himself, then walked out and descended several steps, turning to the left and going down other steps, until he got directly in front of the other temple. Then the music began, about fifty musicians performed. At that early hour in the morning the chanting and playing on stringed instruments was certainly very impressive. This kept up for about an hour. In the temple where Confucius himself was worshipped were a goodly number of animals sacrificed, among them a black bullock. After all was over, coolies took the sacrificed animals on their backs and walked away with them. (I believe the officials eat them), and we, in the large crowd of Chinese, of all classes, turned our faces toward home, tired and sleepy, but glad we went.

But what did it mean to these men in authority to worship thus? It certainly did not lessen their zeal in oppressing the people, it did not give them power to give up opium smoking, nor did it help them in any way to be better men; it was simply a form, a duty, and these men go back to their regular ways of scheming and cheating. How unlike the religion of the Christ, who giveth power to men to resist and overcome evil, to be righteous and godly, but apart from Christ there is no power that will save and make men righteous. I left that temple believing in my heart as never before how utterly useless for us men to put our trust in anything but the Gospel of Christ, to help and make us what we ought to be.—G. H. Malone.

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Boer and Britons—Lecture by General Viljoen—Manchester 'Guardian.'
Imperial Delhi—'The Standard,' London.
The Education Bill:—
Mr. Balfour's Speech to his Electors of Manchester.
Extracts from Mr. Chamberlain's Speech at the Conference of Liberal Unionists in Birmingham.
Lord Rosebery at the Liberal Club.
Municipal Trading—'The Times,' London.
The Origin of the Articles in 'The Times' on 'Municipal Socialism,'—'Daily News,' London.
Reply to Article in 'Daily News'—The Writer of the Articles.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Ruskin as I Knew Him—By Sir W. B. Richmond, K.C.B., R.A., in 'St. George,' the Journal of the English Ruskin Societies.
Pasternak, the Painter of Tolstoi—By Pavel Pawetti, in 'The Outlook.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Indwelling—By T. E. Brown.
Dante's 'Comedia' and Goethe's 'Faust'—I.—'The Pilot,' London.
A Century of Whig Criticism—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
A Fitzgerald Letter—The London 'Sphere.'
A Book for Social Reformers—'The Athenæum,' and the 'Saturday Review,' London.
A Preacher—'The Academy and Literature,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

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LITTLE FOLKS

Doing Satan's Work Without Meaning To.

'Come on, Ned — bother those old lessons; they'll do later."

'But if I don't finish them before I go out, I know I shan't get them done. I think I'll finish them now."

A laugh.

"Oh, well, we'll leave you, then; you're too fond of work!'

Ned turns to his books wondering, 'Am I too fond of work? Ought I to leave my work for the sake of a game?"

"The gooseberries were cheaper than you thought them?' says Lucy to May, who is doing her mother's shopping.

'Yes, I've some over.'

'Well, spend half of it in candy; you don't often have the chance, and then you can take your mother the change.'

'Oh, I can't do that!' says May, slowly; 'it wouldn't be true, you see, I had more change.'

A laugh.

'You're too honest, May! Silly little thing, your mother isn't mean enough to grudge you that little surely?'

'No, but I think I ought to take it to her first, and ask her.' Poor May's eyes fill with tears; she cannot bear being laughed at. Is she too honest? Perhaps, after all, it doesn't matter.

'Bring your baby here, and let's have a talk.'

Flo is a little nurse girl, and mistress has told her to keep baby in the air, and yet she would like to go into the kitchen where Annie is washing, and sit down a bit.

She pauses.

'I don't think I will, Annie, thank you.'

'Why not?'

'Well, mistress said, "Keep baby out in the air," and I don't think it is the same if I take her into a kitchen.'

'My kitchen's nice enough,' answers Annie, hotly; 'but there, I won't ask you again; you're too particular for me.'

And as Flo turns to go she hears a hard laugh, which makes her heart sink, and baby seems heavier than ever. Annie makes it so hard for her to be good. What if she is too particular? Anyway, she has vexed her friend by it.

LILY AND LU.

They were swinging away together, Lily and Lu, in the beautiful weather,

---

'Have one?' and George holds out a little pack of cigarettes, trying to copy his father's style.

'No, thanks,' Fred blushed. 'I don't smoke.'

'Don't smoke! Why not?'

'I never have, and I'm not going to begin.'

George laughs mockingly. 'I see, you're too good to do such things. Oh, yes, much too good!'

And as he turns on his heel, Fred feels hot all over, and a sort of fierce anger rises up in his heart. He hates being called too good; he feels inclined to buy a cigarette and start smoking, just to prove that he isn't too good. Poor Fred!

Now, none of these tempter boys and girls that I have shown to you mean to be wicked. They do not mean to hurt and discourage their friends. They are just thoughtless and pleasure-loving. If you were to speak to George and Lucy, they would laugh and say, they didn't mean anything by it; May and Fred were sillies to mind!

But, all the same, they have done harm. They have made it difficult for their school-mates to obey their consciences. They have worked for the Devil, and he will echo again and again those mocking words: 'You're too honest,' or 'too good,' or 'too particular,' and use them in trying to get the boys and girls to do wrong.

Have you ever laughed at those who are trying to do right? If you have, resolve from this day that you will never do it again. If you have not yet started to go to Heaven yourself, at least do not hinder those who are already on their way.—'London Young Soldier.'

Eskimo Oddities.

The Eskimo who live as far north as Point Barrow, speak a language which is difficult to learn. They have no written language. For some time after Doctor and Mrs. Marsh went to Point Barrow, they studied and spoke what they thought was the real language, but they found out that it was only a 'ship language,' used between the natives and traders. It meant so little and was so limited in words that it was almost impossible to give any instruction in it. Then

they found that the people were keeping the true language from them, and it was hard work to gain it, but at Easter, 1899, Dr. Marsh organized a church and gave instruction every evening but one, each week, and preached or talked three times on Sunday. Easter, 1900, he had the joy of admitting nineteen natives to the church.

The Eskimo people think it is not bad to lie or steal, if you are smart enough to do it, but to get angry is a crime.

After 'the white preachers,' as they say, came and showed their interest in the people by little courtesies, especially shaking hands, which no other white people had ever done, the medicine men took advantage of it to make it a sort of Christian merit making, and handshaking became constant. The missionaries do not shake hands any more, so the medicine men have lost one bit of power.

In Northern Alaska, as soon as spring comes, or from June to September, the people live in tents, because their houses are too damp.—'Over Sea and Land.'

The Cat's Cradle.

(By Edward J. Baillie, in 'The Daisy Basket.')

There was consternation in the household at Rose Cottage. John Burton, who was the head of the house, had said positively at last that action which had often before been threatened was now certain to be carried into effect. In his own words, he said, with a directness not to be misunderstood :—

'You must tak' them kitlings down to the river o' Tuesday morning. They're nowt but rubbich. We've no mice and nowt t'feed 'em if we had, and what with the meowin and the tinkle, tinkle of them bells there's no gett'n any queeatt —tha needna whimper, Bobby—come, wipe your face, Mary, and 'member, tak' them ribbins and tinklers off, and let's see th' end on 'em o' Tuesday.'

That was the trouble.

Bobby and Mary had two playful kittens which they had begged from a neighbor, and they had gained a place in the children's affections, and had really become in so short a time as members of the family circle. Mrs. Burton, a hard-working, tidy woman, who had a tender regard for her two children, and who was always kind and helpful, so far as her very limited means would allow, rather liked the kittens as companions when Robert and Mary were away at school. But father was the law-maker. He was not a more than usually hard man, but people of his class are often so sternly practical—as they choose to call it—that everything must be measured by its capacity for profit, or its value to some department of the household economy from a usable point of view. That is to say, a thing must be fit to eat, or wear, or use; otherwise it is in the way.

The kittens required food, and John Burton thought they added a certain amount to the weekly expenditure, and after the grind of the working day—John was a teamsman and so had to leave home early and return late—his idea of his rights and his comforts, from a home point of view, was perhaps a trifle severe as bearing upon those about him who made up the family circle. He considered that the children ought to be ready for bed, that the home should be clean as a new pin, that quiet should reign, and that neither kittens nor other intruders upon the domestic hearth should make themselves heard, or their presence felt, after he had drawn up his big chair to the fire and his wife had brought out her knitting, to talk over the affairs of the day or the plans of the future.

The children went to bed with heavy hearts. Topsy and Tabby were to meet the fate with which they had been threatened in an earlier period of their history and which they had barely escaped by the successful pleadings of the children who came upon the scene when Tommy Williams had just got the bucket ready and the stones. The little cats, all unconscious, lay contentedly and snugly in the soap-box which served for their bed and stood by the fire in a cosy corner.

'My dears,' said the mother, as she put the little ones in bed, 'you must do what father tells you. I am very sorry, but we cannot help it. The cats bother him sometimes. We must remember that he works hard and works long in the cold for us. When we are warm he is cold and wet, often. We must do what we can to make him happy. It was no harm for you to say in your prayers to-night that you wanted Topsy and Tabby to be saved, but doing what's tell't you, my dears, is your duty. God bless you. Good night.'

And so the good mother tried to smooth both sides, as she often had to do, and tried to make the children see the straight path upon which their little feet had been placed and which she was certain was the right way for children to travel, whether the life of a cat were in the question or no. Children, obey.

The children thought and cried and slept and dreamed; and thought and cried and dreamed again; for they could not forget that in a few short days their precious little playmates were to be consigned to the cruel cold waters of the river, which ran at the foot of the village hill, on past the suburbs of the town—on and on to the great sea itself. And Topsy and Tabby were to be taken to the cold waters and would never be seen more !

The little cats had always seemed so full of fun. They had such pretty playfulness and such quaint little ways with them, that the children felt them to be almost human. They would curl themselves up and roll over and over after a tiny reel tied to a piece of string and dangled about them or trailed before them. They would put themselves in hiding and wait until their little playmates passed the spot where they were concealed so well and they would then rush out and with mock ferocity seem savagely to attack feet and legs, then dart away again to some fresh hiding place and peep and wriggle for some new venture. They would roll themselves up upon the knees of the children and blink and purr in the firelight, and at last snooze contentedly and happily so long as they were allowed to possess their place in comfort. But now, alas! all was to be changed. The kittens were to be committed to the cold waters and would never be seen more !

'I know what we will do,' said Bobby in the morning. 'Mary, don't you remember when Moses' mother had to take the little lad and chuck him in the river 'cos babies weren't let live, his mother put him in a little cradle thing and he was kept alive till the daughter of the king found him safe. She couldn't drown him—think she could ? I'll ask mother to let us have the soap box and we'll do just as they did in the Egypt river.'

Mary was delighted. Children have, you know, quite a delightful mixture of trust and of imagination on lines not altogether logical and worldly-wise, but somehow or other their little plans and projects do seem to suceed and come out just as they need them. So mother was approached and she allowed the children their way. She weighted the box cunningly for ballast and it was lined with hay. Bobby and Mary with effort wrote a card :—

'If you please these are our little cats as father says must be drowned. We are very sorry and have cried to part with them; they have never done no harm. Would you kind lady or gentleman as finds them in this cradle please take care of them, and God will bless you for us we are sure. The black one is Topsy, and the other is Tabby. Robert and Mary Burton, of Rose Cottage at the Ford, writ this on Tuesday.'

(To be continued.)

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

Piercing Proof.

(India 'White Ribbon.')

A foreign missionary strongly addicted to the use of tobacco, on leaving the United States, carried great quantities of cigars with him, fearing he would not be able to secure them in Japan. A young prince was converted under his ministry, and joined the church. For several months he seemed very happy. One day he went to the missionary and said: 'Sir, sometimes it is in my heart to wish that you had never come to Japan, for you are a stumbling block in the way of my friends. There are five or six young men of the royal family (Sumari class) who are my close associates, and I tried earnestly to persuade them to accept the Christian religion, but they say they have no faith in it, for you, who are its exponent, do not live in accord with your doctrine. You preach about one Paul, who said the body is the temple of the God and his spirit dwells in it, and it should be kept pure, which is a reasonable service, but you defile it in every way by the use of tobacco. Sir, tobacco is keeping my princely friends out of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ.' The missionary was amazed. Looking at the young man steadily, he said: 'If you can prove to me that this is true, I will never touch tobacco again while the world stands.' The prince ran from the room and quickly returned with the young men, his princely friends, who all declared that the testimony of the prince was true, that they could not accept a religion that had so little effect on its followers.

The missionary, convicted in such a manner, unhesitatingly brought the remainder of his cigars out and destroyed them in the presence of the young men, vowing never to touch tobacco again. The young prince hurriedly left the room again. Returning in a few minutes, he brought a package carefully wrapped up in paper, which he proceeded to unwrap, disclosing the stump of a cigar. 'I used to watch you as you walked up and down the orchard smoking, and one day saw you throw away this piece of your cigar. I took it up and carrying it up to my room, placed it where all Japanese place their gods—over the doorway—and every day I would kneel under it, and pray God to deliver you from your god—tobacco. My prayer has been answered.' In the course of time the prince had the happiness of seeing all his young friends accept the religion of Christ.

The Cigarette Habit.

(Jennie Barltrop, in the 'Christian Guardian.')

The school inspectors tell us that they can at a glance detect the boy who is a cigarette fiend, and also that the naturally dull boy who does not use them is far outstripping the one of keener intellect who indulges in them. If it be true that epilepsy, idiocy, nervosity, stunted growth of mind and body are the immediate results of the use of the cigarette, we are sufficiently alive to the enormity of the evil, persistent enough in our efforts to help rid the plague-spot from our midst. The chief of the United States weather bureau has issued orders prohibiting the use of cigarettes by all employees; he says the order was given after careful consideration and thorough investigation of the evils resulting from their use; some of the men who had been regarded as the most thorough and competent gradually became lax and careless in their duties. 'Their use will destroy the best in manhood,' render him selfish, unthinking, and altogether indifferent to the interests and comforts of others. Orders are being issued from the banking houses, business men and railway officials both of the United States and Canada, that all employes must either stop using the cigarette or resign their positions. What are you going to do, young man, if all these lucrative and important avenues are closed against you?

When you hear young men on the gallows telling us in an agony of despair that the cigarette played an important part in their ruin, is it not a strong and pathetic appeal to fathers and mothers to exert an influence for all that is good for the first twenty years of the lives of their children? Because on the use which they make of them their happiness and usefulness will depend. Do not wait until they are far out into the depths and struggling in the vortex, or until shores are strewn with the wreckage of the souls and bodies of our loved ones. Much more successful are warning and prevention than rescue work. Many times a helpful and kindly word spoken in season has been the means of saving a soul from taking the fatal plunge or from being dashed to death on the rocks of vice and crime.

Better one good lighthouse than a dozen lifeboats. George Eliot says that when the conscience of the race is developed, we shall run as easily to prevent a man's or a woman's fall as we would to save a beautiful mantelpiece ornament in danger of coming to the ground and being dashed to pieces.

Temperance Pledge Crusade.

We publish the picture of Miss Gertie Clements, of Point St. Charles, Montreal, this week, who has secured one hundred and twenty signatures by personal can-

vass. She speaks of the pleasure she had in securing these pledges. Her efforts will be appreciated and long remembered by those whose signatures she obtained.

The Printer Lad's Tobacco.

('Anti-Tobacco Gem.')

'Well, Fred, how do you like printing?'

'Pretty well, thank you.'

He answered so quietly that I looked up to see what was the matter, when I noticed a pair of glasses in his hand.

'What are you doing with those glasses, Fred?'

'I don't know but I shall have to wear them or give up printing. My eyes hurt me, and I'm growing near-sighted all the time.'

I reached out my hand for the glasses; and then Fred went back to the door for a moment, as if he had forgotten something. I guessed why he went. I inquired further about his eyes, and then asked him, rather suddenly, if he ever thought that tobacco using might hurt his eyes.

'Why,' I said, 'your eyes, like the rest of your body, are fed or poisoned with what you put into your mouth. Tobacco is taken into the blood, and goes all through the body. It affects the nerves the most; and if the nerves of the eyes are weak, it will affect them. Did you ever notice how many tobacco-users wear glasses?'

'Well, yes, it is a poison, I suppose, and it may hurt some; but I don't see how it hurts me.'

Nineteen out of twenty tobacco-users would probably have made just such a foolish reply. I talked with him several times about it, and finally hired him to give it up. I have not much faith in hiring any one to do right; but I thought it was the tobacco that hurt his eyes, and I wished to convince him of it. True enough, his eyes grew better, and after a few months were as well as ever. He acknowledged that the tobacco must have hurt them, and he felt better every way without it. I urged him to stick to his pledge: for he had made a solemn promise never to touch it again, and now he protested he was willing to do anything for the sake of his precious eyes. He did well for a while, and then I lost sight of him, until last week I met him, glasses and all, with a companion, both smoking away like dirty chimneys.

Hour by Hour.

(The 'Morning Star.')

For years Striker Jones, a tall, powerful Scotchman, has held the position of 'boss striker' at the steel works. Nearly all the men in his department were hard drinkers, and there was no exception to the rule.

But one day it was announced among the workmen that he had become religious; and, sure enough, when pressed to take a drink, he said, 'I shall never take a drink mair, lads. Na drunkard can inhabit the kingdom of God.'

A knowing one smiled and said: 'Wait a bit, wait a bit. Wait until the hot weather—until July. When he gets as dry as a gravel-pit, then he will give in. He can't help it.'

But right through the hottest months he toiled, the sweat pouring in streams, yet he never seemed to be tempted to drink.

Finally, as I was taking the men's time one evening, I stopped and spoke to him.

'Stowe,' said I, 'you used to take considerable liquor. Don't you miss it?'

'Yes,' said he, emphatically.

'How do you manage to keep away from it?'

'Weel, just this way. It is now ten o'clock, isn't it?'

'Yes.'

'Weel, to-day is the twentieth of the month. From seven till eight I asked that the Lord would help me. He did so, an' I put down a dot on the calendar right near the twenty. From eight till nine he kep' me, and I put down another dot. From nine to ten he's kep' me, and noo I gie him the glory as I put down the third dot. Just as I mark these I pray: 'O Lord help me; help me to fight it off for another hour!'

That Vacant Gap.

The Rev. A. J. B. Paterson, M.A., of Kilmalcolm, lecturing for the Glasgow Abstainers' Union recently, delivered an eloquent discourse, in which he said:—'Fifty years hence that boy of yours—that picture of yourself—may curse you, because you by your respectable example set the first trap that brought him to ruin, and at the judgment seat of Jesus Christ you and I will have to give an account of that vacant gap in the company of the redeemed. The bodies and souls of our brothers and sisters are in our keeping, and if by word, act, pledge, or vote we can lift them nearer the light of truth it is ours to do it.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

HONOR ROLL

OF THE

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE CRUSADE.

FOR WEEK ENDING MONDAY NIGHT, Nov. 10.

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L. ANDERSON, Nth. Georgetown, Q.
BELLA McDOUGALL, Sth Indian, O.
HARRY LADD, West Brome, Q.
OLIVER LANEY,* Riceville, O.
[illegible] GILLIVRAY, Kirk Hill, O.
ANNIE McLELLAN, Noel, N.S.
ROSA P. GOODWIN, Pubnico Head N.S.
RAY P. DAVIS, Springfield, N.S.
J. HENWOOD, Westbrooke, N.S.
IDA [illegible], O
[illegible] RUM, Crystal City, Man.
[illegible] CONSLEY, Proton Sta., O.
RACHEL [illegible] O
K. E. CAMERON, Leeds village, Q.
E. JONES, Lachute, Q.
CORA S. HAWS [illegible] Q
[illegible], O
MRS L. [illegible], Parkhill, O.
WM [illegible], Q.
C. CUNNINGHAM [illegible], O.
[illegible], O
JENNIE A. MILLER,* Cleveland, N.S.
JAS PATTERSON,* Montreal, Q.
ALINE [illegible], L'Avenir, Q.
KENNETH SMITH,* [illegible] Q.
REV. S. SALTON,*** London West, O.
J. McCLELLAND,* Brooklin, O.
MISS A. W. PALMER* [illegible], O
WINNIE [illegible]* [illegible], Que.
ERNEST SLEMON,* [illegible], O
JAS. M[illegible],* [illegible], N.S
MISS E. H. OLAND* [illegible], N.S.
GEO. W. CHAPMAN* [illegible], N.B.
GERTRUDE M. HALL* [illegible], N.B.
CHAS. E. STAFFORD,* [illegible], O.
M. McMORINE, Melbourne Ridge, Q.
ABBIE PEASE, Richmond, Q.
WILFORD L. MOSS, Moulinette, Q.
LEONARD LOGGIE [illegible], N.B.
GERTIE MORRISON, Perth, O
JENNIE MANUEL, [illegible], N.S.
MARY [illegible] CLARKE, Bryson, Que.
M. LAWSON, Lyon Mountain, N.Y.
R. TIBBITTS, Malone, N.Y.
M. OPPEN* [illegible], N.S.
G. S. HAYE, [illegible], N.S.
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JEAN STEWART, Aylmer, Q.
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RUSSELL BARRIE,* Perth, O.
JAY LEVAN,* Toronto, O.
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G. M. ROOP,* Springfield, N.S.
M. WALLACE, Metcalfe, O.
L. WHIDDEN, Lilyvale, N.S.
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ARTHUR COWIE, Gladstone, O.
A. LAMPLEY [illegible], O.
THOS WALKER Norwich, O.
Rev. W. KENNER,* Prince Albert, O.
A. BOND,* Meaford, O.
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M. M. WILSON,* Dunvegan, O.
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B. [illegible], McN[illegible], N.B.
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[illegible], Ont.
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[illegible], Ont.
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B. BOWMAN, Mountain Grove, Ont.
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M. A. LEE,* Hamilton, Ont.
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[illegible], Ont.
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SHILTON [illegible],* Lorne, Ont.
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ADA M. OUGH,* Mt. Albert, O.
[illegible], Ont.
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M. DIXON,* Hamilton, Ont.
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MISS J. COOL Vernon[illegible] O.
H. DAV[illegible]GTON S[illegible], O.
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[illegible], Sherbrooke, Q.
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NINA [illegible]* Meaford, Ont.
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H. SANDERSON* Carden East, O.
DAISY WILLIAMSON,* Toronto, O.
LIZZIE WILLAND, Galt O.
N. B. ROBERTSON,* Dorwin, O.
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S. J. GRAFTO,* Murray River, P.E.I.
F. S. MILLER,* Diverton, Que.
NELLIE LOUIS* Hagar, Ont.
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A. FLEMING,* Ivanhoe, Ont.
MRS. W. DAVIS,* Bracebridge, Ont
A. M. LOWERS* N[illegible] on the Lake.
MRS. A. J. CASTLE, Stanstead, Que.
EVELYN KELLOCK* Perth, Ont.
ALFRED LAWRENCE,* Outremont

Total Signatures to date 10,780—8,714 Pledges Received Since Last Issue.

*All those with this mark after their names have sent in at least forty signatures to the pledge and are entitled to a copy of the famous picture 'Christ Before Pilate.' Then additional list of twenty names entitles the sender to an additional picture, but no one gets more than one picture.

Mrs. C. Green of Bosworth, Ont., heads this list as her list was the first received for the week beginning Tuesday, Nov. 4th.

LESSON IX.—NOVEMBER 30.

Gideon and the Three Hundred.

Judges vii., 1-8, 16-21. Commit vs. 19-21. Read Judges, chs. 6-8.

Golden Text.

'It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.'—Ps. cxviii., 8.

Home Readings.

Monday, Nov. 24.—Judg. vi., 7-24.
Tuesday, Nov. 25.—Judg. vi., 33-40.
Wednesday, Nov. 26.—Judg. vii., 1-8.
Thursday, Nov. 27.—Judg. vii., 9-18.
Friday, Nov. 28.—Judg. vii., 19-25.
Saturday, Nov. 29.—Zech. iv., 1-10.
Sunday, Nov. 30.—Isa. l., 21-31.

Lesson Text.

(1) Then Jerubbaal, who is Gideon, and all the people that were with him, rose up early, and pitched beside the well of Harod: so that the host of the Midianites were on the north side of them, by the hill of Moreh, in the valley. (2) And the Lord said unto Gideon, The people that are with thee are too many for me to give the Midianites into their hands, lest Israel vaunt themselves against me, saying, Mine own hand hath saved me. (3) Now therefore go to, proclaim in the ears of the people, saying, Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return to depart early from mount Gilead. And there returned of the people twenty and two thousand; and there remained ten thousand. (4) And the Lord said unto Gideon, The people are yet too many; bring them down unto the water, and I will try them for thee there: and it shall be, that of whom I say unto thee, This shall go with thee, the same shall go with thee; and of whomsoever I say unto thee, This shall not go with thee, the same shall not go. (5) So he brought down the people unto the water: and the Lord said unto Gideon, Every one that lappeth of the water with his tongue, as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself; likewise every one that boweth down upon his knees to drink. (6) And the number of them that lapped, putting their hand to their mouth, were three hundred men: but all the rest of the people bowed down upon their knees to drink water. (7) And the Lord said unto Gideon, By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thine hand: and let all the other people go every man unto his place. (8) So the people took victuals in their hand, and their trumpets; and he sent all the rest of Israel every man unto his tent, and retained those three hundred men: and the host of Midian was beneath him in the valley.

GIDEON AND HIS ARMY.

(Condensed from Matthew Henry.)

Gideon applied himself with all possible care and industry to do the part of a good general, in leading on the hosts of Israel against the Midianites. 'He rose up early' (v. 1), as one whose heart was upon his business, and who was afraid of losing time. Now that he is sure God is with him, he is impatient of delay. He pitched near a famous well, that his army might not be distressed for want of water, and gained the higher ground, which, possibly, might be some advantage to him, for the Midianites 'were beneath him in the valley.' Note, faith in God's promises must not slacken, but rather quicken our endeavors. When we are sure God goes before us, then we must bestir ourselves. 2 Sam., v. 24.

God provides that the praise of the intended victory may be reserved wholly to himself, by appointing three hundred men only to be employed in this service. The army consisted of thirty-two thousand men; a small army, in comparison with what Israel might have raised upon so great an occasion, and a very small one in comparison with that which the Midianites had brought into the field; Gideon was ready to think them too few, but God comes to him, and tells him they were too many; v. 2. Not but that they did well, who offered themselves willingly to this expedition, but God saw fit not to make use of all that came. Two ways God took to lessen their numbers.

(1) He ordered all that would own themselves timorous and faint-hearted to be dismissed, v. 3. He was now encamped on a mountain close to the enemy, called 'Mount Gilead,' from Gilead, the common ancestor of these families of Manasseh, which were seated on this side Jordan (Num. xxvi., 30). And from thence, perhaps, they might see the vast numbers of the enemy; those, therefore, who were disheartened at the sight, were left to their liberty to go back if they pleased. There was a law for making such a proclamation as this. (Deut. xx., 8.) One would have thought there would have been scarcely one Israelite to be found, that against such an enemy as the Midianites, and under such a leader as Gideon, would have owned himself fearful; yet above two parts of three took advantage of this proclamation, and filed off when they saw the strength of the enemy and their own weakness, not considering the assurances received of the Lord, and, it is likely, delivered unto them. Some think the oppression they had been under so long, had broken their spirits, others, more probably, that consciousness of their own guilt had deprived them of their courage. Sin stared them in the face, and therefore they durst not look death in the face. Note, fearful, faint-hearted people, are not fit to be employed for God; and among those who are listed under the banner of Christ, there are more such than we think there are.

(2) He directed the cashiering of all that remained, but three hundred men; and he did it by a sign. 'The people are yet too many for me to make use of,' v. 4. See how much God's thoughts and ways are above ours: Gideon himself, it is likely, thought they were too few, though they were as many as Barak encountered Sisera with; (ch. vi., 14), and had he not forced his way through the discouragement by dint of faith, he himself would have started back from so hazardous an enterprise, and have made the best of his own way back: but God saith, There are 'too many,' and when diminished to a third part, they are yet 'too many'; which may help us to understand those providences which sometimes seem to weaken the Church and its interests; its friends are too many, too mighty, too wise, for God to work deliverance by; God is taking a course to lessen them, that he may be 'exalted in his own strength.'

Gideon is ordered to bring his soldiers to the watering, probably to the well of Harod (v. 1), and the stream that ran from it; he, or someone appointed by him, must observe how they drank. We must suppose they were all thirsty, and were inclined to drink. It is likely he told them they must prepare to enter upon action immediately, and therefore must refresh themselves accordingly. Now, (1) some, and, no doubt, the most, would kneel down on their knees to drink, and put their mouths to the water as horses do, and so they might get their full draught. (2) Others, it may be, would not make such a formal business of it, but as a dog laps with his tongue, so they would hastily take up a little water in their hands and cool their mouths with that, and be gone. Three hundred there were of this latter sort, that drank in haste, and by those God tells Gideon he would rout the Midianites, v. 7. By this it was provided that none should be made use of, but, 'First,' Men that were 'hardy'; that could endure long fatigue, without complaining of thirst or weariness; that had not in them any dregs either of sloth or luxury. 'Secondly,' Men that were 'hasty'; that thought it long until they were engaged with the enemy, preferring the service of God and their country befort their necessary refreshments: such as these God chooses to employ, that are not only well affected, but zealously affected in a good thing: and also because these were the smaller number, and therefore the least likely to effect what they were designed for. God would by them save Israel. Now let us see how this little despicable regiment, on which the stress of the action must lie, was accoutred and fitted out. Had these three hundred been double-armed with swords and spears, we should have thought them the more likely to bring something to pass. But instead of making them more serviceable by their equipment, they are made less so; for, (1) Every soldier turns sutler; they 'took victuals in their hands,' v. 8, left their baggage behind, and every man burdened himself with his own provision; which was a trial of their faith, whether they could trust God when they had no more provisions with them than they could carry, and a trial of their diligence, whether they would carry as much as they had occasion for. This was indeed living from hand to mouth. (2) Every soldier turns trumpeter. The regiments that were cashiered left their trumpets behind them for the use of those three hundred men, who were furnished with those instead of weapons of war, as if they had been going rather to a game than to a battle.

The Midianites were shouted out of their lives, as the walls of Jericho were shouted down, that Gideon might see what he lately despaired of ever seeing, the 'wonders that their fathers told them of.' Gideon's soldiers observed their orders, and 'stood every man in his place round about the camp,' v. 21, sounding his trumpet to excite them to fight one another, and holding out his torch to light them to their ruin. They did not rush into the host of Midian, as greedy either of blood or spoil, but patiently stood still to 'see the salvation of the Lord,' a salvation purely of his own working.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Nov. 30.—Topic—Missions: a meeting in the interests of Foreign Missions. 'The world for Christ.' Isa. lv., 12-23.

Junior C. E. Topic.

GOD'S GOODNESS.

Monday, Nov. 24.—Always thankful. Eph. v., 20.

Tuesday, Nov. 25.—Practical thanksgiving. Prov. iii., 9.

Wednesday, Nov. 26.—Grateful for everything. Phil. iv., 6.

Thursday, Nov. 27.—The table blessing. John vi., 11.

Friday, Nov. 28.—Unnumbered joys. Ps. l., 5.

Saturday, Nov. 29.—The chief thanksgiving. 2 Cor. ix., 15.

Sunday, Nov. 30.—Topic—A year full of God's goodness. Ps. cvii., 1, 2, 21, 22. (Thanksgiving service.)

The Rev. A. E. Dunning, D.D., remarks: 'I had in my Sunday school, twenty-five years ago, a class of six boys from ten to twelve years old. All except one came from good families. The parents of that one were dead. He seemed to be the most gentlemanly boy of the class. When they came to be about fifteen or sixteen years old they organized a club. It was secret, but they said its purpose was their moral improvement. After awhile it was said that liquor was taken to their club-room. One day one of the young men came to me and said that he had got into the habit of drinking, and that his parents had found it out. His mother, he said, was almost distracted. He begged me to go to her and tell her he would never drink again. But he went from bad to worse till he disappeared. Friends of another came to tell me that he had by forgery secured money from a bank. Employers of another came to say that he had made false entries in their books, and had defrauded them of a considerable sum of money. Another within a few years died a common drunkard. None of these boys at ten years of age seemed likely to be exposed to temptation to drink.'—'Christian Herald.'

Correspondence

Springfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen many letters from Springfield I thought I would write one. Some of the correspondents named some books they had read. Among those I have read are: 'Robert Hardy's Seven Days,' and 'East Lynn'; 'Ward Hill at College,' 'Ward Hill, Senior,' and 'Ward Hill at Weston,' and a number of other good books. I am very fond of reading. We have the New Century Library in our Sunday-school, and think they are fine books. I have read all of them. I live about a mile and a half from the school-house, and I try to go every day. I have one brother, aged ten. I have no sisters and often wish I had, for I sometimes get lonely. I hope this may prove an interesting letter. NELLIE R.

Springfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger' and I like it very much, especially the letters. My brother took it five years and last year he said that I could take it. I am seven years old. I go to school. I am in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Kirk and I like her very much. I live on a very pretty lakeside farm with my father and mother and two brothers, Ellis, aged 13; Everett, aged 11. I have travelled a good deal for a little girl of my age. I have visited some of the largest towns in Nova Scotia, and in the year 1901 I went to Boston with my mother, and I visited a great many places of interest in different parts of Massachusetts. We spent two whole weeks on the Maple Hurst Farm near Clinton.

GERTRUDE M. R.

Heathcote, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger'; it is such a good paper. I am always glad when Sunday comes, when I can get it. I live about one mile from Sunday-school and two from day-school. I am in the third reader. I like going to school. I am fond of reading; I have read quite a number of books. For pets I have two cats and five dolls. I was away at a picnic this year and had a good time. I had a swing and some candies and ice cream and oranges. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Black, and my school teacher's name is Miss Charters. I like them both very much. In our school there are two rooms. I am in Miss Charter's room. The other teacher's name is Miss Robinson. LILLIAN P. (Age 10.)

Kingsmills, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl of eight years old. I am in the third reader. I go to school every day. I go to church and Sunday-school. I have five brothers and two sisters; the oldest one is married. Our school is at the corner of our farm. It is about half a mile's distance to the post-office. We had quite a lot of rain here lately and it made the roads very muddy. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school. I like to read the correspondence. My teacher's name is Mr. A. O. Brown. E.N.C.

Kingsmills, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy eleven years old. I go to school. I have a twin brother. We are both in the third reader. We weigh the same and are the same height. A great many cannot tell one of us from the other. We are as near alike as two peas in the pod. I have, besides, three brothers and three sisters. My teacher's name is A. Brown. Our birthday is on May 24. We get the 'Messenger' at school and like to read the correspondence from the little boys and girls.

ANDREW C.

GRANDIN, N.D.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' and I think it is a very nice little paper. We have taken it as long as I can remember. I have never seen a letter from North Dakota. so I thought I would write and tell you something about this country. There are not many trees or hills here, and it is very cold in the winter; sometimes it snows for three days at a time. We have not had more than fourteen summer days this season. I go to school and I am in the fourth grade. We have to go three miles to school. I have one sister and one brother; my sister is eight. my brother is five, and I am ten years old. I have one pet, a chicken; it will come to me when I call it, and it will eat out of my hand; it has no mother hen, so it is mine. There are twenty people in my room.

ISABELLE T. (Age 10.)

Fort Sasktachewan.

Dear Editor,—We live in Northern Alberta. We came here two years ago last April. We live a mile and a half from the school. I have not been able to go to school since last Christmas. We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school and I like to read the correspondence. We like this country very well. We have our grain cut; we had about fifty acres. I have five brothers and two sisters. I am the third youngest. We have three horses and ten head of cattle, thirty-three pigs and some hens.

We have a fine Sunday-school here, the attendance is between sixty and seventy. There are seven classes in our Sunday-school; my class is No. 6. When I left school I was promoted into the fifth book.

We have a half section of land and will have about eighty acres ready for crop next year. There was a terrible hail storm up here; it destroyed a vast tract of country, but it never touched these parts. We are twenty-five miles from a station, and eleven miles from the post-office. There is plenty of game here; wild ducks are pretty thick. EZRA O. (Age 14.)

Delta, Escalante Canon, Colo., U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—Escalante is situated on the Gunnison River; Escalante Canon is twenty-six miles long; we live about half-way down it. There are fourteen ranches in the Canon and fifty-four inhabitants. The Canon is noted for its picturesque scenery. The rock in front of our house we call 'Castle Rock.' We have two schools in the Canon, one in the upper end and one in the lower end. We are going to have a new school-house in the upper end. Our nearest neighbor lives a half-mile from here.

NELLIE C. (Age 13.)

Foochow, China.

Dear Editor,—As I had not seen any letter from China in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write. We have only had the 'Northern Messenger' a few weeks, but I hardly need say that we all enjoy it very much. I have four brothers and one sister. We do not live in the city of Foochow, but three miles away from it—across the river from it. This river is called the Min River. I am the son of a missionary and have lived in China over ten years. I was born in China and lived here until I was five years and two months old; then, as my papa's health broke down, he took his family home to the United States, being gone from China eighteen months. Any one writing and asking me questions on China I will be glad to answer all that I can. My address is:—Wm. I. Lacy, M. E. Book Concern, Foochow, China.

Le Claire, Iowa.

Dear Editor,—My Grandpa Bremner, who lives in Canada, has sent me the 'Northern Messenger' for two years. I like to read it very much, and so do my sisters Maggie and Bessie and my brother Frank. He has gone to Davenport and is one of the new subscribers. I am ten years old. Maggie and Bessie are older. My papa is the Presbyterian minister in this town. It is situated on the Mississippi River. I like to see the boats going up and down. In the winter we have lots of fun skating and sliding on the frozen river. We went out nutting in the fall and got three bushels of walnuts. My mother gets the Montreal 'Witness' and 'World Wide.' I like the 'Messenger' so much that when you asked us to get new subscribers for you, I just went out and got twenty-two. You will find their names and addresses on the other sheet. CATHERINE T.

(Well done, Catherine. You must be a bright little girl to get so many subscribers at one time. Thank you very much for your trouble.—Ed.)

Karsdale, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, eight years old. I take the 'Northern Messenger'; Sybal Thorne got it for me. My home is in Karsdale, in the Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia. I never saw a letter in your paper from Karsdale, so I thought I would write one. I go to school and am in the third grade. I lived in the city once, and had a private teacher whose name was Mrs. Laird; her husband was Col. Laird, and he was an American Immigrant Agent. The school-house that I go to is on one side of our farm and I do not have far to go to school. We have lots of apples that are sent to England every year, and we have lots of pears and plums and cherries and all kinds of berries, and we have cattle and sheep and one horse for driving. I have two brothers and one sister and a brother-in-law. My oldest brother stays on the farm. My other brother is a clerk in Mr. Blood's store in Lynn, Mass.; and my sister and her husband live at Lynn. I go to Sunday-school in the Episcopal Church, which is over a hundred years old, and is one mile from my home. The pastor's name is Mr. Warner, and my teacher's name is Miss Eliza Thorne. I love to go to Sunday-school and day-school, and I mean to get a good education, and some day will write a better letter. Yours truly, HAZEL A. B. C.

Newton Mills.

Dear Editor,—I live in Newton Mills. I am fifteen years old. I have four brothers and three sisters. I live along the Stewiacke river. We have no snow in Newton Mills now. Most of the men are in the woods now. I go to the Presbyterian Church, and I go to Sunday-school in summer. There is good skating now.

A. M. B.

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HOUSEHOLD.

A Mother's Soldier Boy.

(Martha L. Bardon, in the 'Union Signal.')

'I am sure that most women do not appreciate the influence they have over the children in their home.'

It was a returned volunteer (from Luzon) who spoke to me, and as I looked into the earnest young face and noticed the flash of the clear brown eyes, I felt that this boy knew whereof he spoke.

'Tell me about it,' I urged. 'I know you have something to relate that is worth hearing.'

He was silent for a few minutes, and then he began:

'Mothers can never realize how far-reaching their teachings are. Little do they know the power of some song or word of advice that flashes across the mind in after years.

'One night, in Manilla, several of us boys had planned for a "jolly lark." Of course it was against regulations, and had to be on the sly. As I was stealing to our place of meeting I passed a house and heard a woman singing, as she put her child to sleep. The song was one that my mother had often sung to us children at home, and it seemed as if mother had come to warn me. I staggered against the wall and felt myself grow weak all over. The past shone before me. Again I was a boy at home, with my two brothers. When we had gone to bed mother used to come and tuck the cover over us and kiss us good night. Then, in her chair by the table, as she knit or sewed, she would talk to us about the day's work or our studies, and give us advice, which was always followed by some good old song. Most of the time we were asleep long before the song was finished, but mother was never discouraged, and she never failed us. Dear old mother! Your words of advice were golden to us. The tangled skein of the day was all straightened out; the hard experiences were softened, and there was nothing harsh or unkind in our minds, as we wandered into dreamland. There was nothing to mar or distract us, for mother was there, and with her great love and gentle way she left only tender thoughts and happy hearts.'

He ceased speaking, and we were quiet for some time. Then I ventured, 'What about your "jolly lark?" Did you go?'

'Go!' he exclaimed. 'Go? Do you suppose I could go into something I knew to be wrong when mother seemed to be right by me? Why, I could almost hear her singing.

"'Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on.
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on."

'I have heard my mother sing those words scores of times, especially since my father died, and she had the care of us three boys.'

'What did you do?' I tearfully asked.

'I went back to my tent and got the little testament mother had slipped into my outfit, and read some of the places she had marked. See, this is one of them: "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life." Then I sat there and thought of home and mother until all evil desires were driven away. Oh, how thankful I am for such a mother! I suppose she is plain and old-fashioned, but to me she is the queen of women.'

Tears filled his bright eyes and his face glowed with manly pride.

I asked, 'Have you written this to her?'

'No, I could not write it and make her understand how I feel.'

'But you will tell her,' I urged.

'Yes; the first night after I get home I will ask her to come and sit in my room, as she used to do, and sing, "Lead Kindly Light." Then I will tell her all about it and thank her for saving my soul. I will tell her that I will try to be a better man and prove my gratitude for all the years of toil and sacrifice she gave me, and above all for the clean, pure life, she lived before me. Thank God, all her labor was not in vain. She planted better than she knew. God bless my mother.'

A few moments after my friend said: 'Now, good-bye, and home to mother,' and then he was gone.

While I sat there alone I thought of the many mothers who spend their evenings at the club or the theatre, leaving their children to the care of nurses or to amuse themselves as best they can. The little ones go to sleep with unkind thoughts rankling in their minds, and little hearts ache for a helping hand or a loving word to smooth out the rough places of the day. Mothers forget their duty until the little minds have become soiled by evil associates, and the life which should have been as pure and fresh as a flower is filled with knowledge that none but mothers should impart,—knowledge that comes in the form of evil suggestions and pollution, converting sacred truths into powers of darkness.

O mothers, be sympathetic, loving, true companions of your boys and girls, for the richest portion you can give them is your pure, inspiring influence.

Selected Recipes.

Ginger Snaps.—One cup molasses, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of ginger, one-half cup butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and flour enough to make stiff to roll. They can be cut in any desired shape.

Apple Fritters.—Beat yolks of two eggs, add a half pint of milk and one coffeecupful of flour, with one teaspoonful yeast powder, mix well and grate in two large juicy apples, lastly adding the stiff whites. Serve with sugar and cinnamon.

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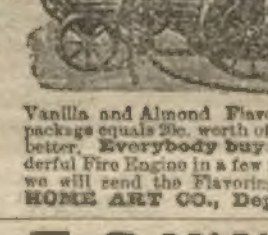
FREE GOLD WATCH LADY'S OR GENT'S SIZE

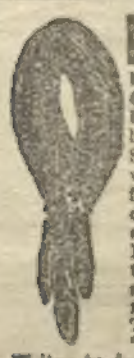


Double Hunting Case, beautifully Gold finished and richly engraved in handsome Solid Gold designs, stem wind and set, imported jewelled works, accurate and reliable. A very beautiful watch. Looks worth $50.00. We give it for doing two things: (1) selling at 10c. each only 1½ doz. packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, and (2) securing 3 more agents to do the same, or by selling 3 doz. yourself. Each package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring, and is far better. **Everybody buys.** Write to-day and we will send the Flavoring Powders postpaid. THE HOME ART CO., Dept. 472 Toronto

FREE GOLD WATCH

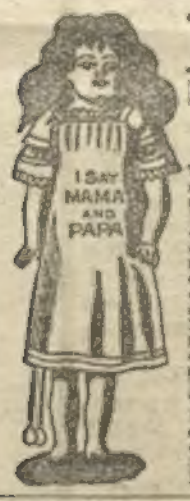
LADY'S OR GENT'S SIZE

Double Hunting Case, beautifully Gold finished and richly engraved in handsome Solid Gold designs, stem wind and set, imported jewelled works, accurate and reliable. A very beautiful watch. Looks **worth $100.00.** We give it for doing two things: (1) Selling at **10c.** only 1½ doz. packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond **Flavoring** Powders, (2) getting 3 other agents to do the same, or by selling 3 doz. yourself. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Everybody buys.** You can **earn this elegant watch in a few minutes.** Write to-day and we will send the Flavoring Powders postpaid. **The HOME ART CO., DEPT. 473, TORONTO.**



FUR RUFF FREE

ELEGANT, SOFT AND WARM, COMFORTABLE AND STYLISH, Full length, made of soft, warm, glossy, black fur, a perfect imitation of the finest Sable, with real head and three full tails, very pretty. **Given absolutely free** for doing 2 things: (1) Selling at 10. each only one dozen large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume; (2) Getting 3 more agents to do the same or by selling 2 doz. yourself. **Nothing sells like our Perfume.** Its fragrance lasts for years. THOS. HARRY, AMHERSTBURG, ONT., says: "I sold all the perfume in 15 minutes." Write to-day and we will send the Perfume postpaid. **We trust you. The Paris Perfume Co.,** DEPT. 479 **Toronto.**



TALKING DOLL FREE FREE FREE

Wonderful speaking doll. Laughs, cries and talks, says "Mamma" and "Papa" as plainly as any living child. She is a beauty, too, prettier than any baby you ever saw. Has rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, real pearly teeth and long golden ringlets. Get her and you will have the only real talking doll in your part of the country. Not one cent to pay. All we ask you to do is to sell at 10c. each only 15 packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Nothing sells like it. Everybody buys.** Write to-day and we will send you the Flavoring Powders postpaid. You can easily sell them and earn this **Wonderful Speaking Doll** in a few minutes. **The Home Art Co., Dept. 487 Toronto, Ontario.**

FREE STEAM FIRE ENGINE,

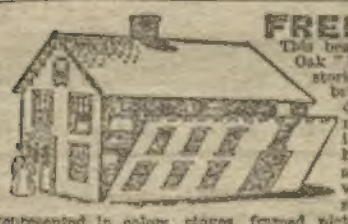
made entirely of steel, iron and brass, beautifully finished, with driving wheel, shaft and piston, polished brass boiler and steam chest, Russian iron furnace compartment, brass steam pump with a suction hose and a long fire hose, with a brass nozzle, given for selling at 10c. each only 1½ doz. packages of Chinese blue-black Ink Powders. Each package makes five 5c. bottles of superior Ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** You can earn this wonderful Fire Engine in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send you the Ink Powders postpaid. **THE NATIONAL PEN AND INK CO., DEPT. 480 TORONTO**

FREE GOLD CASED WATCH

given for doing two things: (1) selling at 10c. each only 1½ doz. packages of Blue-black Chinese Ink Powders, (2) getting 3 more agents to do the same, or selling 3 doz. yourself. Each package makes five 5c. bottles (25c. worth) of Superior Ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** This handsome watch is elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with imported jewelled works, cylinder escapement, reliable and accurate. Looks worth $50.00. You can easily earn it in a few minutes. Write for Ink Powders to-day. **NATIONAL PEN & INK CO., DEPT. 482 TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE OPAL RING

made of Solid Gold alloy, handsomely designed and set with three large beautiful Opals that show all the gorgeous colors of the rainbow. A very handsome and stylish Ring, given free for selling at 10c. each only 1 doz. packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Everybody buys.** Write to-day and we will send you the Flavoring Powders postpaid. You can easily sell them and earn this beautiful Opal Ring in a few minutes. **Home Art Co., Dept. 474 Toronto.**



FREE TO GIRLS

This beautiful "Forest Oak" Doll's House, two stories high, with bricks, shingles, windows, etc., in such natural colors that it looks like a real house. Has separate rooms, with wall paper and suitable furniture represented in colors, stoves, framed pictures, articles for cooking, beds, etc., just like the big houses you live in. Get one and you will feel that you are a real grown-up housekeeper, with a **lovely little home for your best dolly.** We give it free for selling at **10c.** each only 15 packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders. Each package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Everybody buys.** Write for Flavoring Powders to-day and we will send them postpaid. **THE HOME ART CO., DEPT. 492 TORONTO, Ont.**

FREE RIFLE

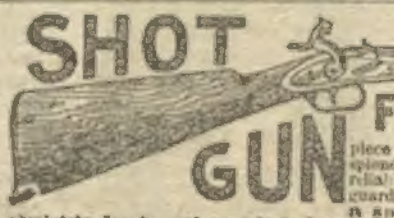
Sure death to Rats, Crows, Squirrels, Rabbits, etc. **Long Range. Terrific Force.**

All steel barrel and fittings, improved sights, walnut stock. The best Air Gun made. **Given** for selling at **15c.** each, only 12 handsome pieces of Jewelry, Lockets, Stick Pins, etc. **Every** piece of our Jewelry looks worth 50c., at **15c** you can sell the 12 pieces in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. **National Watch and Jewelry Co., Toronto, Ont.**

FREE 97-PIECE DINNER AND TEA SET

full size for family use, made of the finest ware, in the very newest shape and latest designs, suitable for any table. The decorations are clear and distinct, delicate in design, and the whole effect is stylish, beautiful and artistic; a set that will give you lasting pleasure because it will stand the wear of years, the colors never losing their Brilliancy. This elegant set consists of 12 Dinner Plates, 12 Tea Plates, 12 Soup Plates, 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Fruit Saucers, 12 Butter Pats, 2 Vegetable Dishes, 2 Covers, 1 10-inch Meat Platter, 1 14-inch Meat Platter, 1 Gravy Boat, 1 Tea Pot and cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl, in all 97 full size pieces, all light in weight, perfect in color, extra smooth, and for beauty and richness equal to any Dinner Set ever sold at retail for less than $25.00. We **give it free** for doing 2 things—1, selling at 15c. each only 2 doz. handsome pieces of Jewelry: Lockets, Cuff Links, Stick Pins, Brooches, etc.; 2, getting 3 more agents to do the same or by selling 4 doz. yourself. Every piece of our Jewelry looks worth 50c. MRS. JNO. POWLESS, DESERONTO, ONT., says, "The dishes are most beautiful and I am so well pleased with them that I do not know how to thank you. The neighbors all think they are grand and my husband is delighted with them." If you have longed to possess a handsome set of dishes but yet felt hardly able to afford one, here is your chance to get one free. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. The National Watch and Jewelry Co., Dept. 490, Toronto.

SHOT GUN FREE



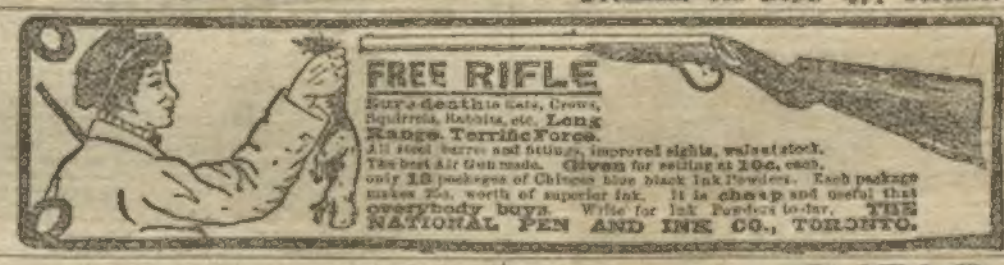
For doing two things: (1) selling at 15c. each, only 12 handsome pieces of Jewelry Stick Pins Brooches, Lockets, etc. (2) Getting 3 more agents to do the same or by selling 2 doz. yourself. Every piece of Jewelry looks worth 50c. At our price **15c., everybody buys.** This splendid gun is finely made with best quality steel barrel, taper choke-bored, rebated lock, highly finished hardwood stock with steel shoulder-plate and trigger guard, and metal tipped ramrod. It is accurately sighted and **guaranteed a splendid shooter.** Dealers ask $4.00 for this gun. You can get one absolutely free in exchange for a few minutes of your spare time. Write to-day and we will send you the Jewelry postpaid **THE NATIONAL WATCH AND JEWELRY CO., DEPT. 483 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

LADY'S OR GENT'S FREE $40.00 BICYCLE

Brand new, Lady's or Gent's 1903 model. Not one cent to pay. All we ask is a little of your time. **A real Bicycle, High Grade, Brand new,** with every up-to-date feature—best seamless steel tubing, finely enamelled Diamond frame, all other metal parts made from best steel, well finished and handsomely nickel plated; good pneumatic tires, rock elm rims, bar steel hubs, improved saddle, new style handle bars, etc., etc. High grade ball bearing throughout—in fact a regular $40.00 Bicycle free, for doing two things: (1) Selling 5 doz. handsome pieces of Jewelry, Hat Pins, Stick Pins, Cuff Links, Brooches, etc., that look worth 50c. at only **15c.** each. (2) Getting 3 more agents to do the same or by selling 10 doz. yourself. **The Bicycle will be at you not one cent. Here is your chance. Don't miss it.** One agent says: "I am well pleased with my Bicycle. It is the easiest running wheel I have ever been on. Frank Clements, Tara, Ont." Write to-day, and we will send you the Jewelry, on credit, postpaid. Address, **The National Watch and Jewelry Co., Dept. 486, Toronto, Ontario.**

97 PIECES FREE DINNER AND TEA SET

Elegantly decorated English China. 12 Dinner Plates, 12 Tea Plates, 12 Soup Plates, 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Fruit Saucers, 12 Butter Pats, 2 Vegetable Dishes, 2 Covers, 1 10-inch Meat Platter, 1 14 inch Meat Platter, 1 Gravy Boat, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl—in all 97 **full size** pieces of handsome decorated China **given away** for doing two things: (1) Selling at 15c. each only 2 doz. Canadian Home Cook Books, (2) getting 3 other agents to do the same, or by selling 4 doz. yourself. These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 750 choice recipes. Send your order to-day. You can easily sell the Cook Books in a few minutes. Every housekeeper keeps one. 70,000 sold already. **The Premium Co., Dept. 471 Toronto.**



FREE RIFLE

Sure death to Rats, Crows, Squirrels, Rabbits, etc. **Long Range. Terrific Force.**

All steel barrel and fittings, improved sights, walnut stock. The best Air Gun made. **Given** for selling at **10c.** each, only 18 packages of Chinese blue black Ink Powders. Each package makes 25c. worth of superior Ink. It is **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** Write for Ink Powders to-day. **THE NATIONAL PEN AND INK CO., TORONTO.**

FREE COLUMBIAN PHONOGRAPH WITH 5 RECORDS

This genuine Columbia Phonograph reproduces Songs, Speeches, animal imitations, instrumental selections, etc., in a most lifelike manner. We give it complete with five up-to-date records for doing two things: (1) selling at 10c. each 18 packages of **Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders,** and (2) securing 3 other agents to do the same, or selling 3 doz. yourself. Each package equals 10c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Everybody buys** Write for Flavoring Powders to-day. The Home Art Co., Dept. **481** Toronto.

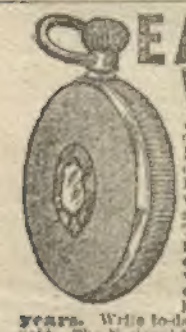
GIRLS LOOK

Little Princess, the prettiest doll in the world, nearly 2 feet high, elegantly dressed from head to foot in silks and satins, lace and velvet, with stylish hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings, and lace-trimmed underclothing. Can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. As pretty as a fairy princess, rosy cheeks, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and golden ringlets. Can stand alone or sit in a chair. **Given** for selling at **10c.** each only 1½ doz. packages of **Lemon, Vanilla and Almond** Flavoring Powders. Each package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Everybody buys.** Write to-day and we will send Flavoring Powders post paid. The Home Art Co., Dept. **470,** Toronto.

GIRLS LOOK

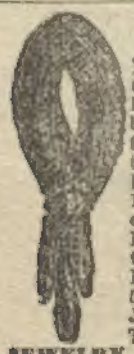
Little Princess, the prettiest doll in the world, nearly 2 feet high elegantly dressed from head to foot in silks and satins, lace and velvet, with stylish hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings and lace-trimmed underclothing. Can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. As pretty as a fairy princess, rosy cheeks, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and golden ringlets. Can stand alone or sit in a chair. **Given free** for selling at **15c.** each only **1 doz.** beautiful 14k Gold-Finished Stick Pins. These dainty Pins are in a variety of pretty designs set with exquisite imitation Turquoise, Diamonds, Rubies, etc. They look easily worth 50c., and at our prices, only 15c., **go like wildfire.** Write to-day and we will send you the Stick Pins postpaid. The Maxwell Co., Dept. **479** Toronto

EARN THIS WATCH



by doing two things: (1) selling at **10c.** each one dozen packages of Ancient Chinese blue black **Ink Powder.** (2) getting 3 more agents to do the same, or by selling 2 doz. yourself. Each package makes five 5c. bottles (25c. worth), of superior ink. It is so **cheap** and **useful** that **everybody buys.** This handsome watch has polished **silver nickel** open face **case**, the back **elaborately engraved**, with keyless wind imported works, genuine lever escapement, an exact and reliable time-keeper. With care **it will last ten years.** Write to-day and we will send the 12 packages postpaid. The National Pen and Ink Co., Box **484** Toronto, Ont

FUR RUFF FREE



Elegant, Soft and Warm. Comfortable and Stylish. Full length, made of soft, warm, glossy, black fur, a perfect imitation of the finest sable, with real head and three tails, very pretty, **Given absolutely Free** for doing two things—(1) selling at 15c. each only 8 handsome pieces of Jewelry, Stick Pins, Lockets, Cuff Links, Hat Pins, etc. (2) Getting 3 more agents to do the same, or by selling 16 yourself. Every piece of our jewelry looks worth 50c. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. **We trust you.** **THE NATIONAL WATCH AND JEWELRY CO., 479, TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE STEAM FIRE ENGINE

Made entirely of steel, iron and brass, beautifully finished with driving wheel, shaft and piston, polished brass boiler and steam chest, Russian iron furnace compartment, brass steam pump with a suction hose and a long fire hose with a brass nozzle, given for selling at **15c.** each, only **1 doz.** Diamond Collar Buttons with richly engraved gold finished tops, set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds. **Everybody buys.** You can earn this wonderful Fire Engine in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Collar Buttons postpaid. **THE SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 480 TORONTO.**

FREE

This genuine Columbia Phonograph reproduces Songs, Speeches, animal imitations, instrumental selections, etc., in a most lifelike manner. We give it complete with five up-to-date records for doing two things: (1) selling at 10c. each only 18 packages of Chinese blue-black Ink Powders, (2) getting 3 more agents to do the same, or by selling 3 doz. yourself. Each package makes five 5c. bottles (25c. worth) of superior ink. It is so **cheap** that **everybody** buys. Write for Ink Powders to-day. **National Pen and Ink Co., Dept. 481 Toronto.**

LADY'S WATCH FREE

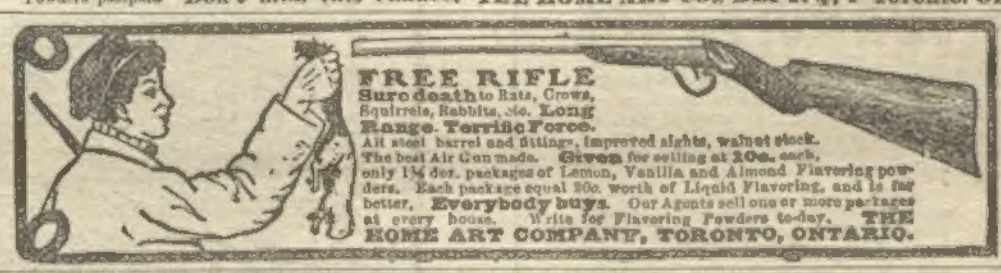
for doing 2 things: (1) selling at **10c.** each, only 15 packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders; (2) getting 3 more agents to do the same or by selling 2½ doz. yourself. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Every housekeeper buys one or more packages. You can earn this watch in a few minutes. It is a little beauty, with silver nickel case, fancy decorated dial, gold hands and stem wind and set, reliable imported works. Write to-day and we will send you the Flavoring Powders postpaid. We trust you. **The Home Art Co., Dept. 489. Toronto**

FREE GRAPHOPHONE

Given for doing two things: (1) Selling at **10c.** each only **1½ doz. Wonderful Glass Pens**; (2) getting 3 more agents to do the same, or selling 3 doz. yourself. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They are light as a feather, never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** This wonderful instrument is made by the famous Colombia Phonograph Co., of New York and Paris. With it we send five selections, as follows: Speech; "Song of Sixpence"; "The Mocking Bird"; Imitations of Robins, Tree Toads, Turkeys, Chickens, Ostriches, etc., and Cornet Solo "Dixie Land." Write to-day and we will send you the Pens postpaid. You can easily earn this Wonderful Graphophone in a few minutes. Pen Co., Dept. 488. Toronto.

97 PIECES FREE DINNER AND TEA SET

Elegantly decorated English China, 12 Dinner Plates, 12 Tea Plates, 12 Soup Plates, 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Fruit Saucers, 12 Butter Pads, 2 Vegetable Dishes, 2 Covers, 1 10-inch Meat Platter, 1 14-inch Meat Platter, 1 Gravy Boat, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl—in all **97 full size Pieces** of handsome decorated China **given away** for doing two things: (1) Selling only 3 doz. packages of delicious Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, at 10c. each, (2) getting 3 other agents to do the same, or by selling 6 doz. yourself. Our 10c. packages of Flavoring Powders are equal to 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and are far better. Every housekeeper buys one or more. This handsome set will not cost you one cent. All the **97 Pieces** are **full size** for family use. **We trust you fully.** Write to-day and we will send you the Powders postpaid. **Don't miss this chance.** **THE HOME ART CO., DEPT. 471 Toronto, Ont.**



FREE RIFLE

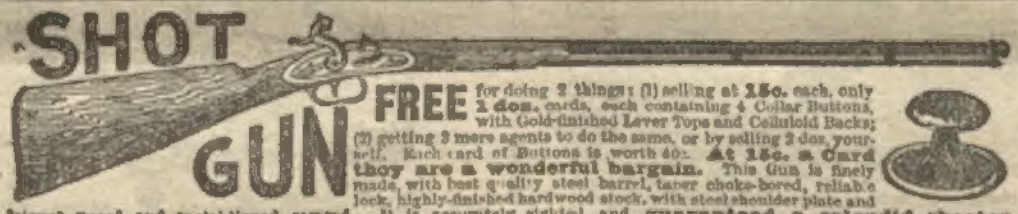
Sure death to Rats, Crows, Squirrels, Rabbits, etc. **Long Range. Terrific Force.** All steel barrel and fittings, improved sights, walnut stock. The best Air Gun made. **Given** for selling at **20c.** each, only 1½ doz. packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring powders. Each package equal 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring, and is far better. **Everybody buys.** Our Agents sell one or more packages at every house. Write for Flavoring Powders to-day. **THE HOME ART COMPANY, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

GIRLS THIS DOLL IS FOR YOU

Not a single cent to pay for her. As pretty as a picture. You will fall in love with her the minute you see her. Golden ringlets, laughing blue eyes, rosy cheeks, stylishly dressed in silk and satin, with velvet and lace trimmings. Lovely trimmed hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings, lace-trimmed underwear. She can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. Her head, arms and legs are movable. She can stand alone or sit in a chair or on the floor. When you get her you will say she is the prettiest doll you have ever seen. **We give her free,** for selling at **15c.** each only **1 doz. Canadian Home Cook Books.** These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** choice recipes. Write to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. You can easily sell them in a few minutes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** 20,000 sold already. **Don't miss this grand chance** but write at once.

THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 493 TORONTO, ONTARIO

SHOT GUN FREE



for doing 2 things: (1) selling at **15c.** each, only **1 doz.** cards, each containing 4 Collar Buttons, with Gold-finished Lever Tops and Celluloid Backs; (2) getting 3 more agents to do the same, or by selling 3 doz. yourself. Each card of Buttons is worth 40c. **At 15c. a Card they are a wonderful bargain.** This Gun is finely made, with best quality steel barrel, taper choke-bored, reliable lock, highly-finished hardwood stock, with steel shoulder plate and trigger guard and metal-tipped ramrod. It is accurately sighted and **guaranteed a splendid shooter** Write to-day for the Collar Buttons. **THE BEST CO., DEPT. 483 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

FREE —TO— BOYS

Bow and arrow. The very latest idea. Not the old-fashioned sort that is spoiled by water and so soon wears out, but a bow with an unbreakable, oil tempered, coiled elastic wire string, having a tremendous rebound, and **shooting 200 feet as straight as a die.** Never wears out. Never gets slack. Ready for use in all weather. The arrow is of smooth finished hardwood, rubber tipped, and **safe to use in or out of doors.** The most complete, durable and enjoyable game ever invented. Given for selling at **10c.** each only 1 doz. packages of Chinese blue-black Ink Powders. Each package makes five 5c. bottles of Superior Ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** Write to-day and we will send the Ink Powders postpaid. **The National Pen & Ink Co., Dept. 491 Toronto.**

FREE GOLD CASED WATCH

given for doing two things: (1) selling at **10c.** each only 1½ **doz.** packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, (2) getting 3 more agents to do the same, or selling 3 doz. yourself. Each package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Everybody buys.** This handsome watch is elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with imported jewelled works, cylinder escapement, reliable and accurate. Looks worth $50.00. You can easily earn it in a few minutes. Write for Powders to-day. **HOME ART CO., DEPT. 482 TORONTO**

GIRLS, LOOK

Little Princess, the prettiest doll in the world, nearly 2 feet high, elegantly dressed from head to foot in silks and satins, lace and velvet, with stylish hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings and lace trimmed underclothing. Can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. As pretty as a fairy Princess, rosy cheeks, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and golden ringlets. Can stand alone or sit in a chair. **Given free** for selling at **15c.** each only 1 doz. handsome pieces of Jewelry, Lockets, Stick Pins, Cuff Links, Hat Pins, etc. Every piece of our Jewelry looks worth 50c. At 15c. you can easily sell the 12 pieces in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. **National Watch and Jewelry Co., Dept. 485, Toronto, Ontario.**

FREE GOLD WATCH LADY'S OR GENT'S SIZE

Double Hunting Case, beautifully Gold finished and richly engraved in handsome Solid Gold designs, stem wind and set, imported jewelled works, accurate and reliable. A very beautiful watch. Looks **worth $50.00.** **We give it** for doing two things: (1) selling at **10c.** each, only 1½ doz. large beautiful packages of delicious Heliotrope, Violet and Rose Perfume; (2) getting 3 more agents to do the same, or by selling 3 doz. yourself. **Everybody buys our perfume.** Write to-day and we will send it postpaid. **Paris Perfume Co., Dept. 472 Toronto**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Easy running, swift and powerful, with iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly-wheel and Russian iron burner compartments, given for selling at 15c. each only **8 Diamond Collar Buttons,** richly engraved gold-finished lever tops set with brilliant, flashing electric diamonds. Nothing sells like our Diamond Collar Buttons. Write to-day and we will send them postpaid. **THE SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 477, TORONTO, ONT.**

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 feet 6 inches long, 3 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full black tails. A handsome, stylish Fur, given for doing two things, (1) selling at 10c. each 10 packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, (2) getting 3 more agents to do the same, or by selling 20 yourself. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Every housekeeper buys one or more packages.** Write to-day and we will send the Flavoring Powders postpaid. You can easily sell them and earn this elegant Fur in a few minutes. Home Art Co., Dept. 488, Toronto.

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